

# THE SKETCH

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



THE FAMOUS SIX-FOOT-HIGH SINGER AND A TINY FRIEND: DAME CLARA BUTT AND MISS JEANIE HOLMES.

Dame Clara Butt, D.B.E., the famous singer with the commanding presence, presided at the annual meeting of the Red Cross Society of

New South Wales. Our photograph shows her with the youngest member of the Society, Miss Jeanie Holmes, aged three years.

Photograph by S. and G.

## Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chico")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO - SPEAK MY MIND..."

## The Worst Month.

It is pleasant to think that the issue of *The Sketch* in which these Notes are due to appear will be dated "Feb. 1." Any English man or English woman who can get through January without suffering from an attack of melancholia is to be warmly congratulated. January, without the least doubt, is the beastliest month in the whole year. Many people run away from it. They run to Switzerland, or Italy, or the South of France. I have often felt tempted to do the same myself—I have, in point of fact, done it more than once; but the trouble is that if you get in the habit of going south for the winter you must always go—or suffer even more than those who have schooled themselves to brave out January on these sodden, murky, wind-swept, shivering, sullen, tearful shores.

Yesterday, of course, I should not have written in this vein. Yesterday the sun shone all day, and the cloud effect at five o'clock in the evening was amazingly beautiful. But yesterday was too good to be true. To-day is a splendid sample of January—grey skies, driving rain, a cold wind, and all that sort of thing. And there are no fewer than thirty-one days in January—a mistake in itself. I have always had an affection for February because it is so short. A dear little month is February, leading to March and spring sunshine. But January—!

## A Race of Paupers.

To make things worse, everybody, in January, is feeling poor. They have just paid the rent, and school-bills, and half the income-tax, and club subscriptions, and the doctor's bill, and the tradesmen's bills. There is no money in the bank, the December dividends have vanished, it is raining outside, every charitable institution in the kingdom is clamouring for help, and the cost of living, though individual items are all cheaper, is higher than ever.

I have not met a man for weeks who seems satisfied with his lot in life. The Englishman, of course, is seldom enthusiastic on the subject of his prosperity. If he says, "Oh, can't complain," you may be sure he is doing very well indeed. But you never come across anyone in these days who says, "Oh, can't complain." They can complain, and they do complain, loudly and bitterly. True, they make no apparent change in their daily habits. Luncheon is still a merry meal, with multi-coloured adjuncts. Cigars are as long as ever. Laughter is as hearty as ever.

But, in quiet corners, each man will tell you he is broke to the wide and sees no earthly prospect of ever pulling round. It is all very mysterious—and very sad. I can't think where the money has got to. I suppose the Government are locking it away in the cellars of the Bank of England.

## Prohibition and Crime.

I am distressed to read that crime is on the increase in the United States of America, but somewhat cheered to note the



THE WIFE OF A FINANCIAL EXPERT: LADY WATERHOUSE.

Lady Waterhouse is the wife of Sir Nicholas Edwin Waterhouse, K.B.E., of the famous firm of Price, Waterhouse and Co., chartered accountants. He was Director of Costings at the War Office from 1917 to 1919. Lady Waterhouse was married in 1903, and is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lewin, of Parkhurst, Abinger, Surrey.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

ingenuity with which this increase of crime has been traced to prohibition. If you had the following puzzle set you, friend the reader, how would you answer it?

"Crime is on the increase in the United States of America. Show that this increase is due to the prohibition of intoxicating liquors."

You would probably say that the criminals obtained inferior liquor, which made them more criminal, or that they took drugs instead of drinks, which lowered the moral tone and led to crime. But you would not get anything like full marks for either of those answers. They are old, and stale, and dull. Governor Miller, of the State of New York,

is far more subtle than you. The Governor has declared that prohibition is a strong contributing cause to the increase of crime, because it has created general contempt for the law, an antagonistic attitude towards the police, and widespread resentment at what is considered to be an infringement of personal liberty. In other words, the American gentleman who cannot get a drink commits a crime to relieve his feelings and show what he thinks of the law of prohibition. Instead of the comparatively harmless "What's it going to be?" American gentlemen, according to Governor Miller, now carry on a conversation of this sort:

"Hello, old man! How's things?"  
"Why; pretty rotten. Feeling a trifle fed."

"Same here. What'll you take for it?"

"Well, I guess a small burglary will put me right."  
"Bully for you."

"How about yourself, old man?"

"Oh, I reckon I'm a bit past small burglaries. Not enough kick to 'em."

"You need something stronger. Why not try a forgery?"

"Nope. Don't feel that way to-day. Know anybody good to murder?"

"Let's see now. There's a guy down our road might suit you. Ain't got much against him, but it's evident you need a tonic."

"You bet I do. That'll suit me fine. Get through with that small burglary of yours, and come and lend me a hand with a knife."

"Sure I will. This old town wants livening up since they cut the liquor off."

"Shouldn't wonder if they try and put a stop to crime next."

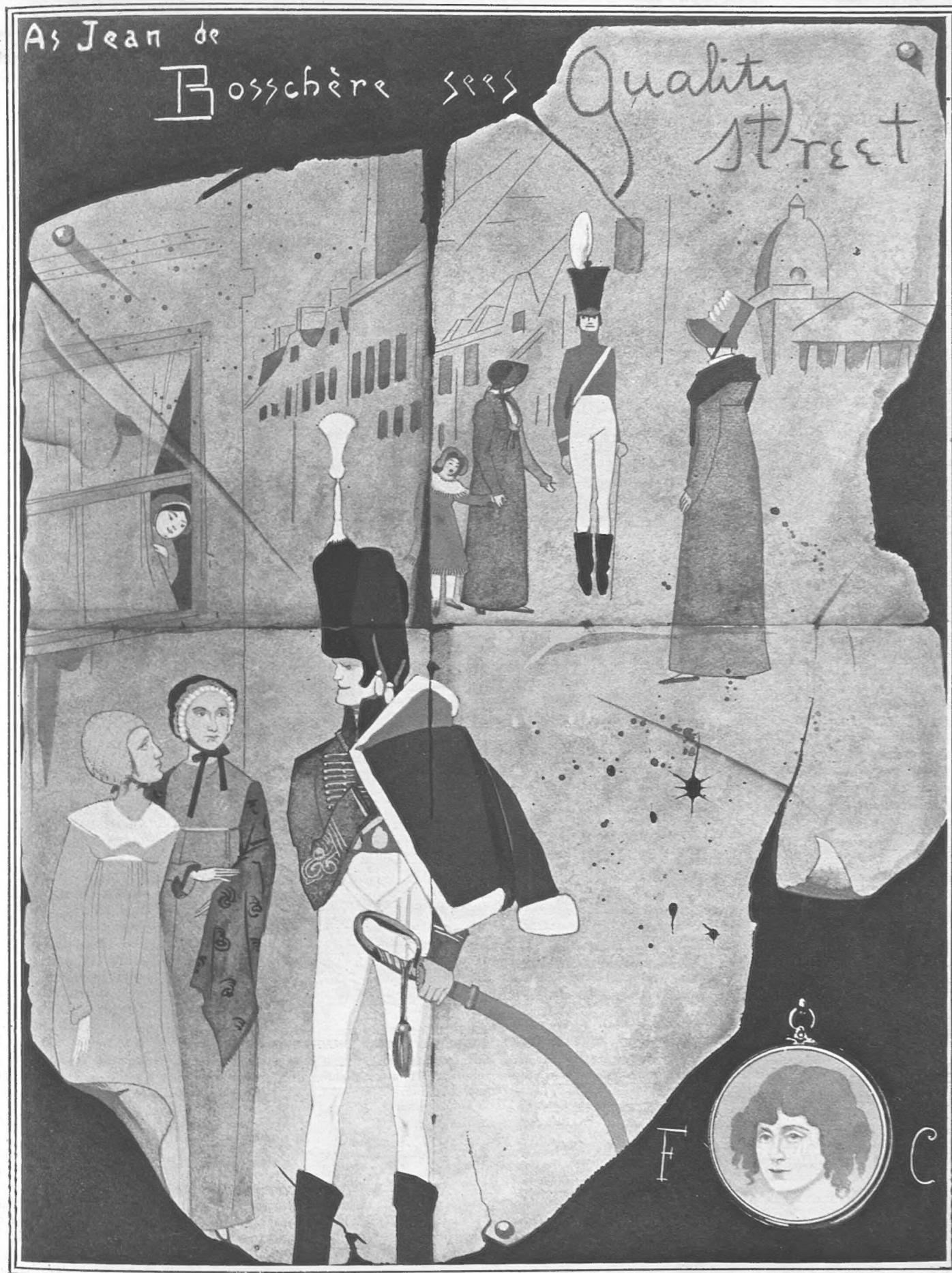
"When that happens, I quit. Little old England will be good enough for me. No work, no money, and no prospects. Just speeches. Kind of Arcadia, I reckon."

Shy Ladies. "She is a well-known figure in the district, driving her car almost daily through the High Street, her constant companion being a chow-chow dog. Her dislike of publicity is so great that a high wall has been erected round her villa."

You can make what you like of those two statements. Both refer to the same lady.

I remember another very shy lady, also endowed with the faculty of writing stories that sold by the million. Such was the extent of her shyness that her carriage was drawn by two of the smallest ponies in the world—so small that they were really freaks. And even then, if you can believe such a thing, rude people stared!

## A Barrie Favourite through de Bosschère's Eyes.



WITH OVER 200 PERFORMANCES TO ITS CREDIT: "QUALITY STREET," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The revival of Sir James Barrie's "Quality Street," at the Haymarket, has proved a big success, as the play celebrated its 200th performance last Saturday, and is still drawing crowded houses. Chevalier Jean de Bosschère, the famous Belgian artist, records his impressions of the play on this page. He shows Miss Fay Compton

as Phœbe of the Ringlets, Miss Mary Jerrold as Miss Susan, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine as the debonair Valentine Brown. "The play," he says, "has the secret charm of an old document of the first days of last century, and contains a something which appeals to your public's mind."

FROM THE DRAWING BY CHEVALIER JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE.

# The Jottings of Jane;

Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

**The Flight to the South.** It is all very well to complain of the prices of Cannes. But it is either doctors' bills here, or hotels there—you can't have it both ways. And London is

remember was experienced on those hills. After driving for miles up and up round hair-pin corners that gave each in turn a more glorious view than the last—views of semi-tropical vegetation and little old mountain villages, and ancient farmsteads with the sun ever gleaming on masses of white may and pink almond-blossom—after hours of such riot of colour and fragrance, the car entered the Col de Tenda (I think it is still called that), a long, eerie mountain tunnel that leads to the top of the world. Or so it seems when you come out at last, your sight still dim from the semi-darkness, your memory still teeming with summer flowers. Before you lies a world all snow and ice—as far as the eye can see, gleaming winter at its loveliest; not a leaf, not a blade of grass, not a bird in the still air. Only the blue sky and brilliant sunshine, and mountain on mountain of dazzling snow, that, if you stay long enough, gradually grows opalescent as the sun sets. But even with a fur coat on you nearly freeze. The greatest thrill is the return. Again the long, dark, mysterious drive underground. And at last out into the sudden sunshine beyond. The sapphire splendour of the sea far below, with its little terra-cotta sails, and the greenery again, and the fragrance and the warmth and the colour. . . .

I hope the Edward Hays see that before they leave Mentone. Lord and Lady Waleran (who are at their villa there) are certain to have seen it many times. Lady Western should see it; and for the Duke of Leeds (who is at his villa at Bordighera) there would be a lovelier drive still to begin with—all along the wonderful Italian coast, and over the frontier at Ventimiglia just above the most perfect specimen garden in Europe—La Mortola, that belongs to the Hanbury family.

1. Angela has just received a most alluring invitation from old Lady Oncewasse for her and Algy (a most archaic arrangement). But the dear lady is both agreeable and affluent, so they must certainly go.

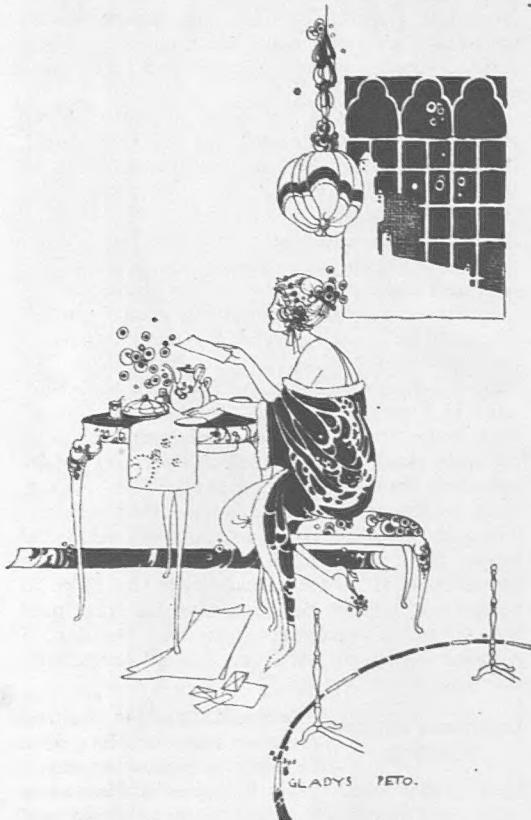
nothing but coughs and sneezes, and the country is worse. The wind last week came from Siberia, so no wonder the trains were crowded for the South.

Ex-King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria are going to Cannes this week—rather earlier than they usually go. They will stay at the Grand Hotel in their same old *apartment*, and the King will have plenty of practice on the hard tennis-courts and get his eye well accustomed to the strong light before entering in any of the more important tournaments.

The Grand is one of the quieter hotels. It does not appeal to quite so many of the *nouveaux riches* as does a certain other colossal habitation in the neighbourhood. There are plenty of rooms to be had in every hotel, however, and it is mostly to villas that everyone is flying who can possibly get away from England.

**Mentone.** Lord and Lady Edward Hay and their two infants are at Mentone. But why Mentone I can't quite make out. Time was when everyone went to Mentone. But that was in the good old days when Cap Martin was the Mecca of the world of fashion, and Mentone was full of hotels within driving distance of Cap Martin and of Monte Carlo, and yet infinitely cheaper than either.

To-day the prices at Mentone equal those of Cannes or Monte Carlo, or any other fashionable place, and mostly the people are "frumpish" or only out for their health. Though certainly the delightful motor-drives up into the hills beyond Sospel are adequate compensation. Quite the loveliest thrill I ever



balanced by conspicuous friendship with a millionaire or two.

But a little bird has told me that the worm is turning. (And birds know all about worms.) The hotel-managers I mean. They are having such a poor time that they are really going to give harmless English necromancers a chance of gathering once again Sunbeams out of Cucumbers. In simple language, they are reducing prices.

The delightful little Cannes Tennis Club has, I hear, improved beyond recognition under Mr. Atkinson's attentive directorship. There are two more courts, and the old ones are playing better than ever; and the mimosa is in bud if not yet in bloom, and the fresias, and it is all so systematised that no one need wait for a court. Mrs. Martin (the hospitable American widow who had Miss Maxine Elliott's house at Bushey, and who now has a villa at Cannes) is often playing lawn-tennis there; and so are Captain Hillyard and Mr. Hunter, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mrs. Beamish, and many other well-known English players.

**London.** The death of the Pope cast a great gloom over Roman Catholic London, and stopped several parties. Even the strictest Anglican must respect the feelings of his friends. It has always seemed to me truly wonderful the reverence and awe inspired by the distant being over so many millions. English Roman Catholics are, of

**Cannes.** But to return to Cannes. Lord and Lady Derby have just arrived; and Lady Sarah Wilson is on a visit to her great friend Princess Christopher of Greece, at the Villa Kasbek (the Grand Duke Michael's old villa), where the youthful son of Princess Christopher, Mr. Leeds and his bride, have also just arrived.

Lady Kent is at the same villa she and Sir Stevenson Kent had last winter. Lady Smiley (Sir Claud de Crespigny's youngest daughter) is visiting her; and another *habitué* of the Riviera who has a villa of his own this year is the Rajah of Pudukota and his Ranee, who is, of course, a beautiful Australian who, like most of her country-women, dresses very well, notwithstanding the fact that she is also very much of an outdoor lady, and plays golf and lawn-tennis with much enthusiasm.

The Duc and Duchesse de Vendôme are expected shortly at the Château St. Michel; and now that the Conference is over, the Club Nautique is itself again. Once more you may find Russian Grand Dukes and itinerant royalties from other unfortunate realms playing bridge between tea and dinner, or dancing in the only really exclusive salon on the whole Riviera—if anything may indeed be called exclusive in these days, when an open purse is the only passport necessary. The only *déclassé* people are the paupers. Poverty, in spite of the Beatitudes, remains beyond the pale. And for obvious reasons. You can't walk to Cannes, however blue your blood. And you can't sleep on the Croisette, however warmly clad. And you certainly can't go near the Casino for a meal unless your lack of credit is miraculously counter-



2. But Algy says, alas! no; he is far, far too ill. He is sure he is developing influenza. So they are trying M. Coué's cure: "I am growing better and better" Algy says it every hour.

course, amongst the most devout and punctiliously strict in the world.

Our premier Duke, the Duke of Norfolk, is a Roman Catholic whose family has never

swerved from allegiance to the Pope. He is, of course, still only a little boy, but his mother, the present Duchess (who is Baroness Herries in her own right), is a devout Catholic, with strong ideas of setting an example to the social world of her own religion.

I doubt if there is anyone in the British Empire (except, of course, the Queen) who has larger scope for her influence. Norfolk House, St. James's Square, has long been a centre for Catholic charities; and beautiful Arundel Castle in Sussex, Derwent Hall in Derbyshire, Beech Hill, near Sheffield; Everingham Park, York; Carlaverock Castle, Dumfries-shire, and Kinharvie—over all these the Duchess reigns supreme, which means that followers of her own religion are given first place. There are little private chapels in most, and special chaplains. Indeed, I doubt not that every great Roman Catholic house in England had its private chapel last week deeply shrouded and dimly lit till the Pope was laid to rest: the Butes at Mount Stewart and at Cardiff Castle; the Howards of Glossop at Glossop Hall, Derbyshire, and Dorlin House, Acharacle; Lord and Lady Fitzalan at Dublin Castle, and Derwent Hall, Sheffield. The present Duchess of Westminster is also a Roman Catholic, but as the Duke is a member of the Church of England (as all the Grosvenors have been for generations), there is no chapel at Eaton. And Lady Headfort is another Roman Catholic who not only has brought up her three children in her own faith, but has been instrumental in persuading her husband to join them.

Lord Denbigh and all the Feildings, the De Traffords, Hibberts, Tempests, Norths, and Fitzgeralds are just a few of the Roman Catholic families that I can remember who will have kept the week sacred; besides, of course, the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val, the French Ambassador and Mme. de Sainte-Aulaire, the Italian and Belgian Embassies, the Portuguese, Argentine, Chilian, Bolivian, Brazilian, and several other Legations.

So, of course, London was not gay last week.

Lady Scott  
and Lieut.-  
Commander  
Hilton-Young.

The House of Commons and the whole of artistic London were deeply interested in the announcement of the engagement of Lady Scott, the widow of the never-to-be-forgotten hero of the Antarctic expedition, to Commander Hilton-Young, one of our very best speakers in the House of Commons. He is a Liberal Member for Norwich, and a son of Sir George Young, third Baronet, of Formosa Place, Cookham. He is, indeed, a very striking example of the intelligent man who is bound to make his mark wherever he may be. As for instance, a barrister at the Inner Temple, as Financial Editor of the *Morning Post*, as a Lieutenant in the Naval Volunteer Force, and subsequent member of the Naval Mission in Serbia—above all, as one of the heroic officers of the immortal *Vindictive* at Zeebrugge Mole, and as officer in charge of an armoured train in the Archangel campaign. Between these manly adventures he has written some half-dozen books, and practised in the King's Bench Division and on the Oxford Circuit. And lately I have heard him make the only speeches in the House of Commons worth listening to. He has the address and manner of the typical Etonian and Trinity College, Cambridge, graduate, and he assuredly has the makings of the kind of statesman we are all waiting for.

Lady Scott, the eminent sculptress of the statue of Captain Scott in Waterloo Place, and of poor Charlie Rolls at Dover, is a great traveller, and has been to almost every corner of the habitable globe. She has brought her little boy, Peter, up in a Spartan school, as was the request of his splendid father. With

Commander Young as a new friend and guide, and with such a mother, England will look for great things from Master Peter—especially as amongst his friends are John Galsworthy and Granville Barker, Compton Mackenzie, Charles Shannon, and numerous others, who have discovered for themselves life's best.



3. With the most excellent result. By dinner time he is perfectly well. How splendid!

Lord Grey  
of Fallodon.

There is much speculation in political circles concerning the exact source of new inspiration to Lord Grey. Undoubtedly, he speaks with greater enthusiasm and vim than



4. Indeed, he is so utterly recovered that he decides to join Reggie Romer at Monte Carlo upon a little business trip—and departs by the night train. Angela is left lamenting.

ever before. Is it his long rest, or perchance the magic of more romantic under-currents of thought?

It grows more and more hard to follow politics at all, however, what with Independent this and Coalition that and Conservative other things. I only know that it is really all a question of dialectic. It doesn't matter much *what* you call yourself. Every statesman is obliged to praise his party and promise rosy things. And the one whose voice and language and personality ring truest will travel furthest. The trouble is that certain sets of people who hitch their wagons to the first star that shines lack the moral courage to unhitch them when greater lights appear. Not that I allude to the appearance of any particular star or constellation. . . . With Mrs. Asquith away in America, anything might happen.

And, talking of personality, the beloved Peke still holds his own in the dog world. Beautiful he is; but not so beautiful as all that. Clever, certainly; but not more clever than the poodle, for instance. No. It is all a question of knowing your own importance in this insignificant world, and compelling people to take you at your own valuation. My Peke has just quite deliberately curled himself like a little brown god in the very centre of my best gold brocade cushion. Not Mr. Lloyd George himself would dare disturb him. And if anyone imagines I have written all that with some deep metaphorical (or is it metaphysical?) meaning concerning some member, or would-be member, of the Cabinet, once and for all—I have not. Poor things! They have quite bad time enough with the lesser leader-writers without having me to contend with! And, even with the Peke as vanguard, I dare not face the castigation of the Lord Chancellor's tongue. Besides, I happen to agree with the Lord Chancellor's politics.

**Denison-Fellowes Wedding.** The wedding of Mr. Wilfred Denison and the Hon. Mrs.

Hedworth Fellowes was a very pretty one. Mrs. Fellowes is the widow of Lord Ailwyn's third son (whom she married in 1916, and was left a widow a year later), and the daughter of Colonel Lionel Boyle.

She was given away by her father-in-law, Lord Ailwyn, and looked charming as she entered St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens, attired in a silver-grey charmeuse gown with long embroidered panels on both sides, and wearing a most becoming soft grey satin picture-hat.

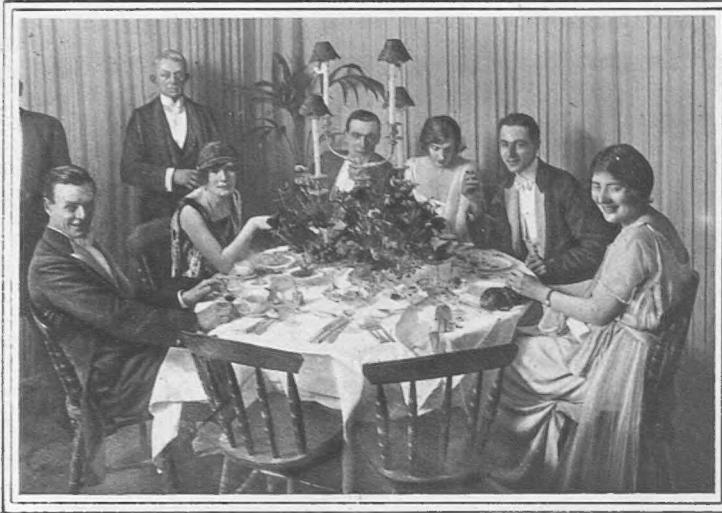
Her uncle, the Rev. A. W. Pulteney, and the Vicar, the Rev. C. Woodward, officiated. Major Harold Denison, the bridegroom's brother, was best man, and in the church I saw General and Mrs. Denison (the bridegroom's parents), Mrs. Lionel Boyle, Lady Ailwyn, Colonel and Mrs. Gerald Boyle, Mr. Carol Fellowes, Lady Beatrice Banbury, Lady Mary Stuart-Wortley, Lady Ellison and her daughter, the two Pulteney girls (Miss Isabel and Miss Judith), Mrs. Robert Lygon, Mrs. Hugh Chichester, Mrs. Hamilton Tollemache, and Mrs. Arthur de Moleyns.

**More Hunt  
Balls.**

There have been two county balls this last week—or rather, one hunt ball (the Essex) and one county ball (the Buckingham). Prince Henry attended the latter, and danced all night. Lord Hillingdon took a big party, and so did Lady Addington, Lord Orkney, Captain and Mrs. Gerald Robarts, Captain and Mrs. Lambton, Lady Sophie Scott, Major and Mrs. Towers Clark, Mr. Hubert Beaumont, and a number of others. Ideal weather for dancing, if not for hunting; but heaven pity the poor chaperons these cold nights—especially in big draughty halls. Not that the Town Hall at Buckingham is not more comfortable than most.

The Essex Hunt Ball, at the Budworth Hall, Ongar—or rather, the decoration of the hall—was under the direction of Miss Waters, who had arranged a most effective mauve-and-pink colour-scheme.—IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

## At the Jockeys and Trainers' Ball at Swindon.



BARON DE TUYLL'S PARTY.

Miss Nell Gwynne Holford, Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, Mrs. T. A. Sutton, Mr. J. Anthony and Captain Witehall.

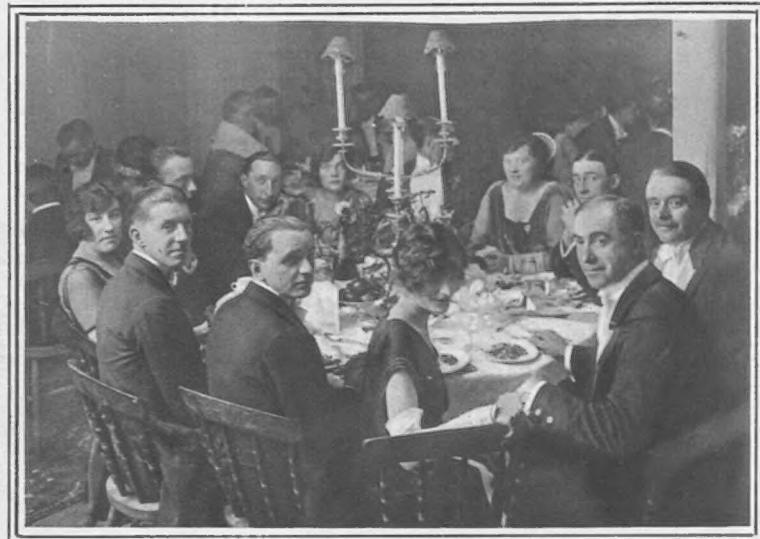


THE HON. SECRETARY OF THE BALL: MR. ROBERT GORDON (THIRD FROM RIGHT) AND PARTY.



A GROUP AT THE BALL.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. H. Cundell, Mrs. Arthur Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. C. Whatley, Mr. F. Horton, Miss G. Watson, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Horton.



IN THE SUPPER-ROOM.

Mr. H. Dyke Dennis, Mr. Harry Cottrill, Mrs. Harry Cottrill, Captain Darby Rogers, Mrs. Darby Rogers, Mr. Roger Roberts, Miss Holmes, Mr. Geoffrey Pease, Mr. Miles Thomson, Mr. Pat Dennis, Mr. Dyke Dennis, and the Hon. Aubrey Hastings.



A PARTY OF EIGHT.

Sir John Grey, Mr. Frank Otter, Mr. R. Lacy, Miss Pethick, Mr. H. Davis, Miss V. Pethick, Colonel K. Leslie, and Mr. T. A. Sutton.



A GROUP IN THE SUPPER ROOM.

Miss Bankier, Mr. Ivor Anthony, Mr. Bankier, the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, Captain M. Kingscote, and Miss V. Gordon.

Our photographs show some of the guests at the Jockeys and Trainers' Ball, held recently at Swindon. Baron de Tuyl is the son of the Duchess of Beaufort, and stepson of the Duke. The Hon. Aubrey Hastings is the youngest brother of the Earl of Huntingdon. He married

Miss Winifred Forsyth-Forrest, and lives at Woodham House, Wroughton, near Swindon. Sir John Grey is the eighth Baronet, and was born in 1893. He succeeded his father in 1914. Our photographs were taken in the supper-room of the ball.—[Photographs by W. Dennis Moss, Cirencester.]

# "Very Good—but No Accomplishments."



THE ACCOMPLISHED LADY AND HER UNACCOMPLISHED DOG: LADY DIANA COOPER AND MAJOR.

Lady Diana Cooper—the Lady Beatrice Fair of "The Glorious Adventure," and noted Society beauty—is shown on our page with her Blue Bedlington terrier, Major. He accompanies her everywhere, and was a popular member of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's house party for the Melton Ball, as "Sketch" readers will remember, for in our issue of January 25 we gave

a photograph of Major as the centre of attraction in a group containing Prince Henry and other distinguished folk. Lady Diana says that Major is a very good Blue Bedlington terrier, but that he has "no accomplishments" in the trick line. He is therefore a contrast to his lovely and all-accomplished owner.—[Photograph by Meull and Fox.]

# "Le Beau Monde où l'on s'Amuse" in the Sunshine.



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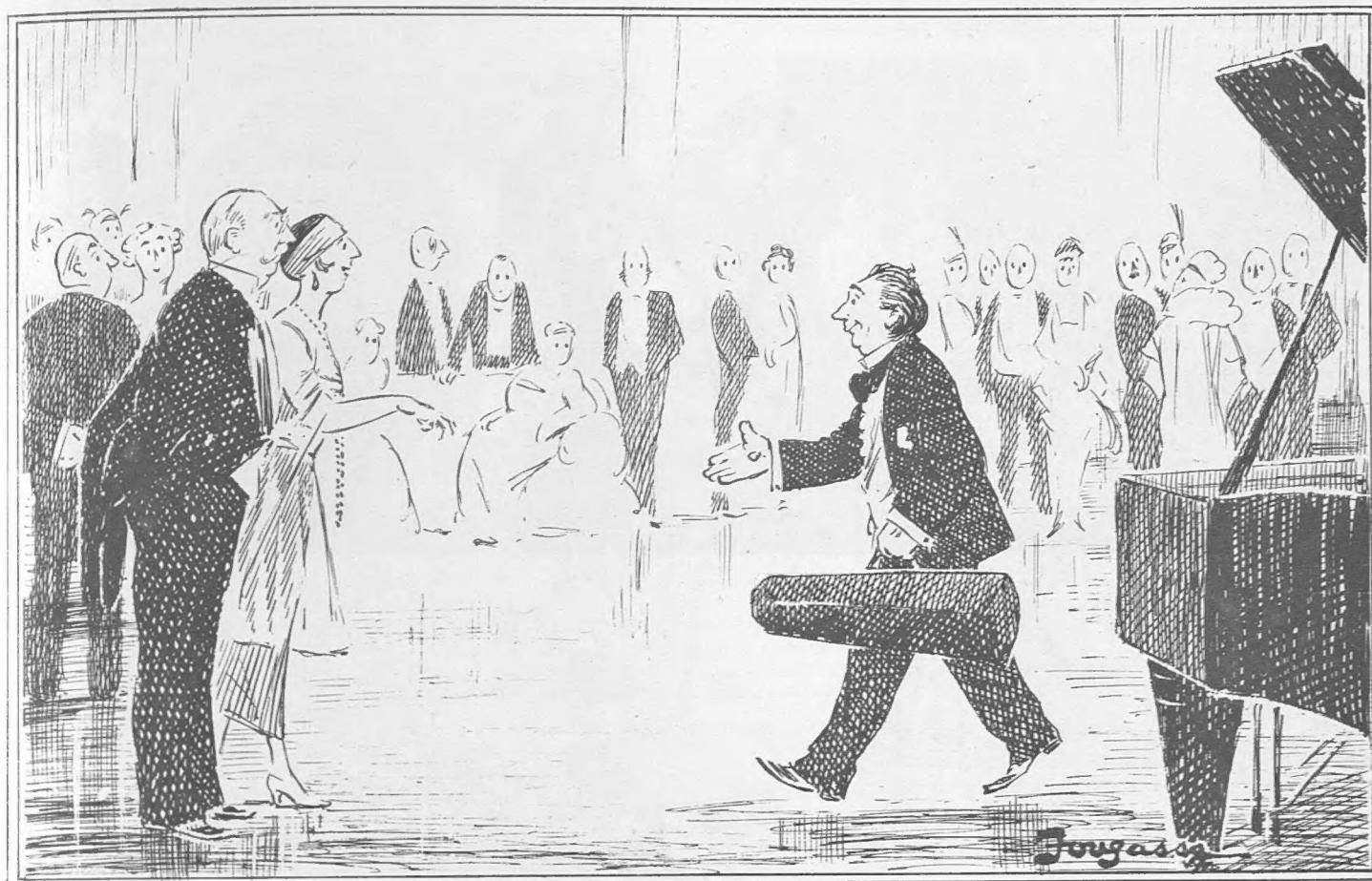
1. ON THE MENTONE GOLF COURSE: MRS. CRANKSHAW, MRS. MOSS, MR. OULD, AND MR. BOWDEN SNELL.
2. MRS. BIGNELL AND MRS. MICHAEL HUGHES AT MONTE CARLO.
3. MR. AND MRS. TOD AND THE POMERANIAN OUT WALKING ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE CARLO.

Most of the members of "le beau monde où l'on s'amuse" have fled from London, and are basking in the sun on the Riviera. Golf claims a good deal of time from the holiday-makers, and the courses on the Côte d'Azur are well patronised. Our snapshot of a foursome was taken

4. ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE: MARQUIS L. CAPPELLI, MME. DE CROM, MRS. V. L. COLLINS, AND MISS DOROTHY STOUT.
5. WITH MRS. McNEILL: CAPTAIN AND MRS. SCARISBROOKE.
6. LADY PORTAL AND MR. PORTAL AT MONTE CARLO.
7. MRS. TYSER AND MRS. AUSTIN TAKE A STROLL.

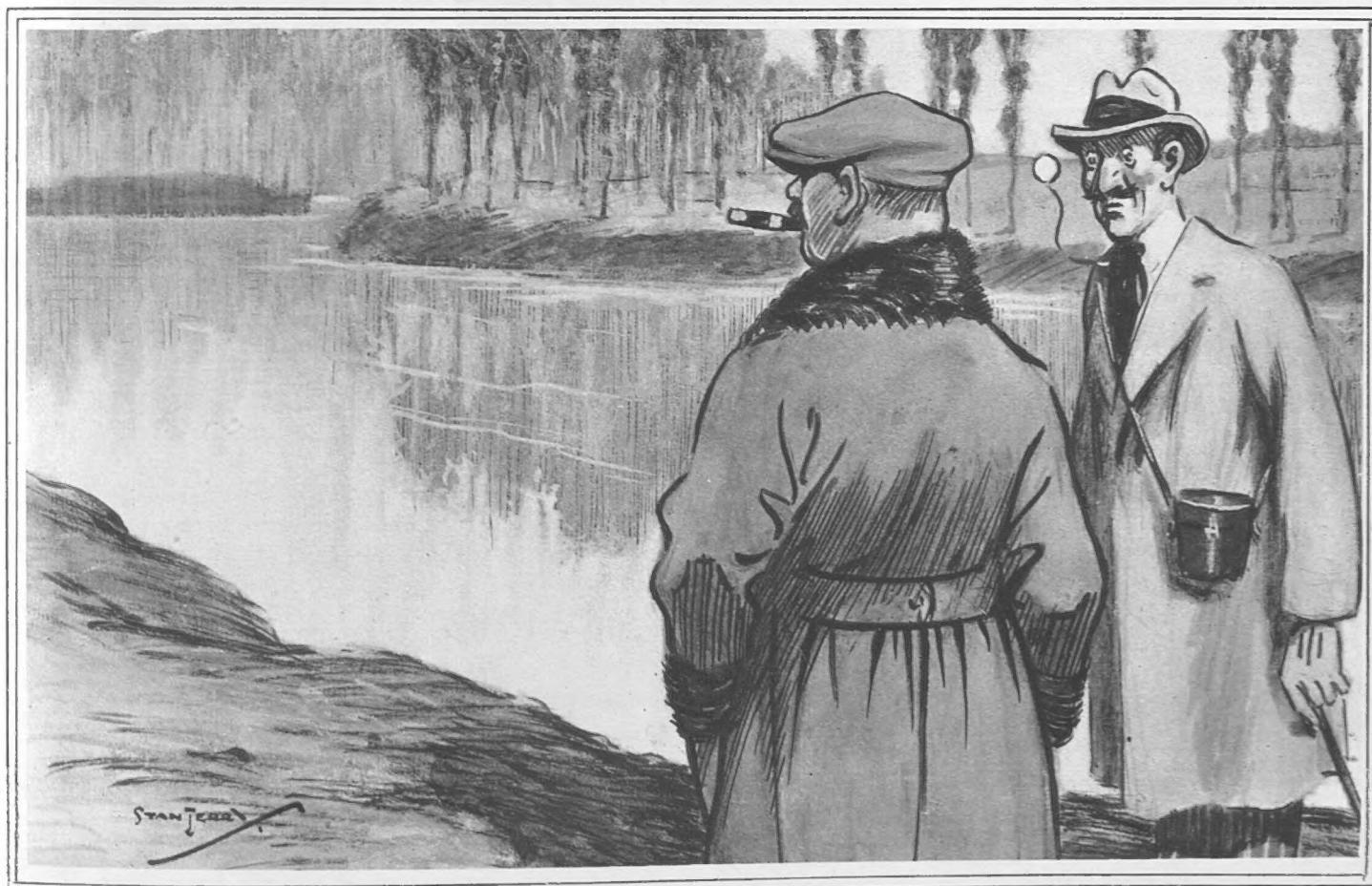
on the Sospel course at Mentone. If, however, you don't feel energetic enough to golf, there is a lot of pleasure to be had out of a stroll up and down the famous Terrace at Monte Carlo if one wants to take a little exercise before wooing the Goddess of Chance.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

## Records!



THE HOSTESS: Brought your violin? That's splendid! I hope you haven't forgotten to bring some records for it?

DRAWN BY FOUGASSE.



MR. NEWLYRICH (admiring the canal and addressing a French acquaintance): "Belle canaille!"

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.



"THE BAT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: DRUSILLA WILLS, GEORGE RELPH, EVA MOORE, CLAUD RAINS, ARTHUR WONTNER, NORA SWINBURNE, AND A. SCOTT GATTY (L. TO R.).

## PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

### "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS"

(GLOBE).

A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.

### "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

### "A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" (ST. MARTIN'S).

A triumph for Meggie Albanesi. A great play—presuming an Act allowing insanity to be a valid plea for divorce.

### "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny" coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

### "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAY-HOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

### "THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).

The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.

## PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

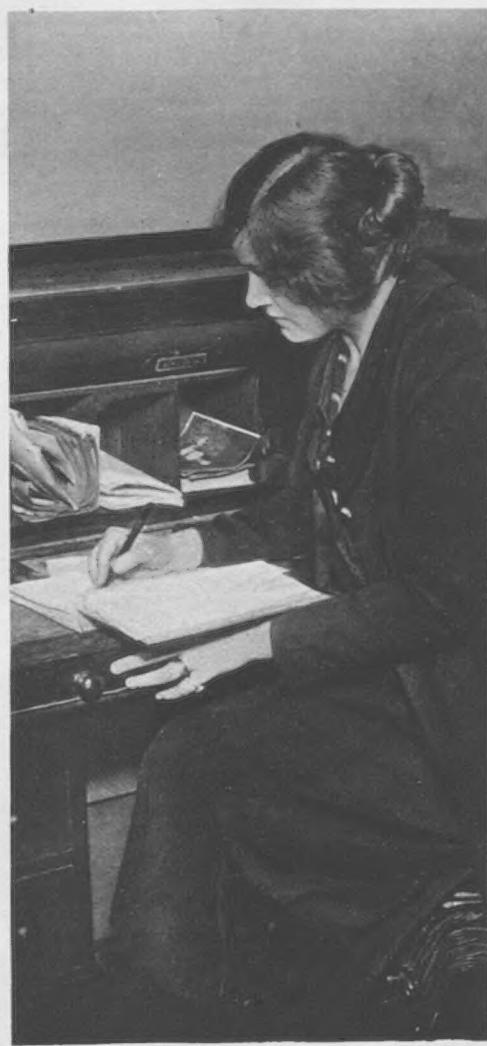
### 1. GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).

An interesting series of plays. The most gruesome of the quintet is "The Regiment," a drama new here, and distinctly too horrible for the average British playgoer.

### 2. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Second attractive version, with new scenes and dances.

[Continued opposite.]



THE NEW ACTRESS-MANAGER OF THE APOLLO: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY AT WORK.

*Continued.*

3. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE). A Cabaret Show, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.
4. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S). Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.
5. "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S). Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, a hot-and-strong melodrama.
6. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN). Musical comedy mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.
7. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET). Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.
8. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE). An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment.
9. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC). The un- "Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.
10. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS" (DALY'S). A welcome revival, with Miss Josie Collins at the head of the cast.
11. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE). A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero—with pig-tail—Miss Lillah McCarthy as the alluring Doña Sol, Miss Florence Saunders as Rosario, Mr. W. F. Grant as El Nacional. Received with much enthusiasm and likely to allow Mr. Lang to grow a real queue, as he wishes!
12. "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" (LONDON HIPPODROME). With George Robey and Clarice Mayne.
13. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S). A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained till the end.

## CINEMAS.

### "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE" (COVENT GARDEN).

Natural-Colour; Lady Diana Manners, Victor MacLagan; and the Fire of London.

### "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" (ALBERT HALL).

Causing much controversy.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well worth

seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth"; "Paddy the Next Best Thing"; "The Rattlesnake"; "Cairo"; "Aladdin," at the London Palladium; "The Night Cap"; and "Me and My Diary," which precedes "Old Jig." It must be added that none of these "mentions" is paid for.

## A Home for Princess Mary – as It Is.



ON THE STEPS OF GOLDSBOROUGH HALL: MAJOR A. J. LAMB, D.S.O., AND MRS. LAMB, SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE TENANTS.



MRS. LAMB, WHOSE HUSBAND RENTS THE PLACE FROM LORD HAREWOOD.



OUTSIDE THE BEAUTIFUL JACOBEAN HOUSE: HOUNDS MEET AT GOLDSBOROUGH HALL.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rutherford Lamb are the present tenants of Goldsborough Hall, Knaresborough, the beautiful seventeenth-century place which is one of Lord Harewood's seats, but they will give up possession on April 30, in view of the fact that the Lascelles family will require both Goldsborough Hall and Harewood House (where the Earl and Countess now reside), after Princess Mary's marriage to Lord Lascelles. Goldsborough Hall is a beautiful old house, built in 1660, and stands in 1700 acres. The

walls between the dining-room and the drawing-room are quite four feet thick, and there is a fine old oak staircase. The walls of the boudoir are of oak panelling, and there are the remains of part of an exquisite old Italian ceiling. Within fifty yards of the house stands an old church which dates from 1100 to 1400. It contains two recumbent effigies of Crusaders in chain armour. Oliver Cromwell is said to have housed his men in the church when storming a neighbouring castle.

## A Family Study.



WITH ESTHER, GUINEVERE, AND PATRICK: LADY GRANT.

Lady Grant is the wife of Sir Alfred Hamilton Grant, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Civil Commissioner of the North-Western Province, India, the younger brother of Sir Ludovic Grant, Bt., of Dalvey. She is the daughter of

the late Lieutenant Alexander Cochran, R.N., of Ashkirk, Selkirkshire, who married in 1914, and has three children—Patrick, born in 1917; Esther, in 1915; and Guinevere, in 1916, who are shown with her in our photograph.

PORTRAIT STUDY EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

## A Family Study.



WITH HER ONLY DAUGHTER, HELEN MARY: LADY MALCOLM.

Lady Malcolm is the wife of Sir Ian Zachary Malcolm, K.C.M.G., son of Colonel Edward Malcolm, C.B., of Poltalloch, Argyllshire. She was married in 1902, and has three sons and one daughter, Helen Mary Malcolm, who was born in 1918, and is the baby of the family, being ten years junior to the youngest of her brothers.

Sir Ian Malcolm was formerly in the Diplomatic Service, and has had a distinguished political career. He has held various important appointments, including that of Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1919 he was appointed Resident Director on the Board of the Suez Canal in Paris.

PORTRAIT STUDY EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

# The Clubman.

By Beveren.



**Mr. Lloyd George Explains.** I cannot refrain from telling this story. I heard it told openly in the Bath Club. It was on the morning the papers definitely announced the death of the Pope. Mr. Lloyd George was explaining to his younger daughter the system by which a new Pope was chosen. He indicated that usually a Cardinal was selected who, while worthy in every respect, was not likely to be in conflict with any strong section of thought and opinion—a Cardinal, in fact, who would not be troublesome to the other Cardinals.

"A Cardinal not likely to be troublesome?" echoed Miss Megan.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lloyd George, with that boyish twinkle of his. "Just as in the same way they made me leader of the Coalition."

**The Gayest Gatherings.** I am not sure but what the nights at the Albert Hall when Carpentier is on view

are not bringing out the gayest and most gallant gatherings of onlookers to be seen in London at the moment—only second, perhaps, to a really big night at the Opera. This may sound strange to those not in touch with the social developments of London, particularly West End London; but I regard it as a true saying. To start with, there is, of course, an air of tremendous respectability about the Albert Hall; then the number of permanent box and stall holders, family seat-holders, ensure that some members of the fair sex will take a peep whenever there is a boxing display—and boxing is becoming a recognised feature of Albert Hall entertainments; but I wouldn't like even to guess at the number of fashionable ladies who abhor the very name of prize-fighting, but who adorn the best seats when Carpentier is announced to fight—Carpentier, the slim, graceful *homme du monde*, whom, in a burst of poetic eloquence, Mr. James Agate compares with shining Beteigeuse, Orion's particular jewel.

And, well! when London's rank, brain and fashion, peers, politicians, fops, sportsmen, members of the Bar, and elegant, luxurious ladies, with a few clergymen thrown in, do crowd to a fight at the Albert Hall, the noble sweep of the box tiers and the steep rake of the stall seats make the famous building perfect for showing off a well-dressed audience.

**Lord Lonsdale's Smile.** Lord Lonsdale, the acknowledged leader among patrons of the fistic art, is away travelling with Lady Lonsdale, whose health needs a warmer climate in the winter months, so that at recent big fights his famous long cigar, and buttonhole, and

white waistcoat, and masterful smile have been missing.

But Lord Carnavon, another racing peer, is a regular occupant of a ringside seat, though as often as not he does not come in evening clothes, and wears a soft, American-shaped felt hat. And pretty frequently you can see Mr. Claude Lowther, who adheres to the black Inverness-cape evening cloak that all the dudes used to wear when George Edwardes began to flourish at the Gaiety. I should say that among Cabinet Ministers, Sir Eric Geddes sees more big fights than any of his colleagues, though nowadays, after Jack White had taught him the value of the straight left in golf, and since he accomplished a fine "three" at the sixteenth at Addington, it is the Royal and Ancient game that has claimed his chief interest.

**The Regulars.** And there is one set of sportsmen and men-about-town you can wager on finding at every boxing contest of importance. It is headed by that amazingly popular little man Mr.

Elegance; the two brothers Joel, Jack and Solly; Sam Pickering, the trainer; Mr. Maurice Baring, traveller, artist, and writer of charm and distinction; Sir Charles Sykes, the Yorkshire M.P. who, if his speeches flag, doesn't hesitate to introduce a song into them; Captain Nichols, "Quex" of the *Evening News*, who seems to be dipping into Spiritualism, and for whom Messrs. Blackwood are early in February bringing out his history of that fine Home Counties Division, the 18th; the Hon. Freddie Cripps, Lord Parmoor's son; the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, who captained England's cricket side with such pluck last season; Steve Donoghue, the jockey; and sometimes Sir Philip Sassoon, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. Seymour Hicks. It is certainly the fashionable thing to be at the big fights.

**The Hot-Water Craze.** Lord Fairfax, the Scottish Peer from Virginia who

married Miss Maud McKelvie the other day, is assuredly as fit a man of fifty-one as can be found. When he was at school in America he made exercise and fitness a fetish, and he has been the same since he settled in England. Many a time he has played three rounds of golf at Swinley Forest, and then gone through twenty minutes of physical exercise before a shower-bath and a change of clothes. His muscles and his chest-development are magnificent.

And I have never met anyone with so profound a belief in the virtues of plain hot water for keeping you well. He drinks pints of it daily before breakfast, and between and after meals. And he need only offer himself as proof of the soundness of his faith.

It is an old story now how a Lord Fairfax of the eighteenth century married a Virginian heiress and then lived in the States. Three successive Barons were

American citizens; the present Lord Fairfax began his working life in Wall Street, then crowned his British descent by becoming British by naturalisation. He is now a partner in the firm of Bonbright and Co., London and New York, and is distinctly an acute financier.

"Early to Bed."

Mr. George R. Sims was talking about the Brighter London Movement and of

the effort of the hotels to make supper a popular meal in London. "I can't say that I'm a believer in 'Early to bed, early to rise, etc.' he remarked. "I got my first journalistic commission while leaning against a lamp-post in Whitehall Place at three a.m. talking to an editor. I negotiated to write my first play at a five a.m. breakfast party in one of the all-night drinking houses in the Haymarket."



THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR DAY LAWN-TENNIS: THE NEW SYSTEM OF LIGHTING AN OPEN-AIR COURT.

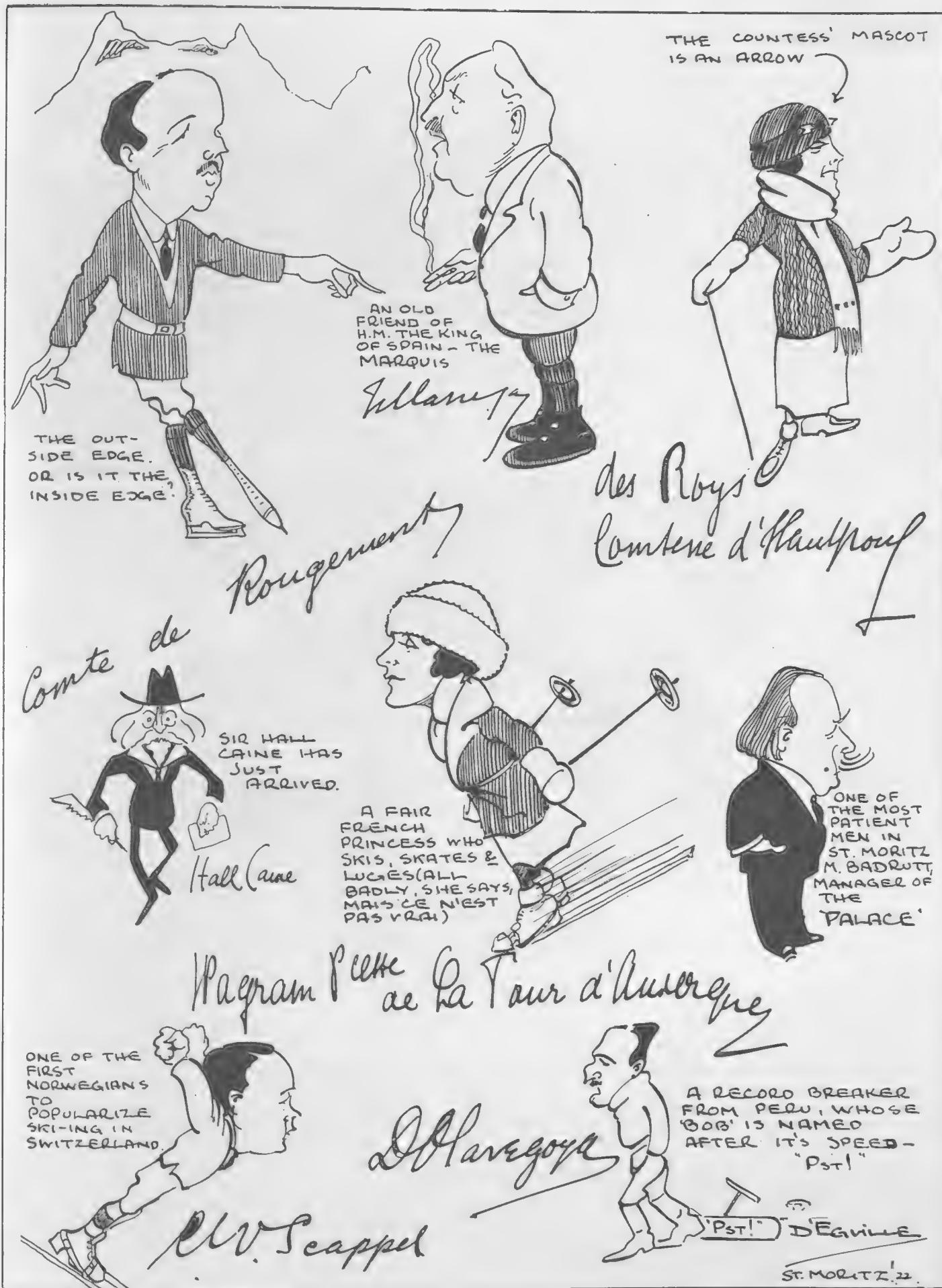
The newest system of lighting enables lawn-tennis to be played out of doors at night. The court is illuminated by a soft white light; the sky, outer rectangle, and stop-netting are black, and in a way the conditions are better than in daylight, for both sides of the court are equal as regards light. The new system is already installed at Roehampton, the first club to take up the wonderful invention.

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Harry Preston of Brighton—Harry Preston, for whom every boxer in the land would fight for nothing if it were for a charity Harry had promised to help, who is one of the few men remaining who wear white-kid gloves of an evening, who has a gentle manner and a handshake that pulls unsuspecting giants off their feet, who took the Prince of Wales to see the Wilde-Herman fight, and probably knows more celebrities in all ranks of life than anyone in the land.

Nine times out of ten you will find in the same large party Lord Dalziel, who has retired from politics, but keeps an interest in things; Mr. Dudley Ward, who, as he would, could tell you a lot about the Honours List before it appears; Wing-Commander Louis Greig, the alert and ever-cheerful Comptroller to the Duke of York, who was a Scottish Rugby International before the war, and his brother Arthur, who is in the City; Mr. James White, the owner of Irish

## Autographed Caricatures from Switzerland.



AS D'EGVILLE SEES THEM: DISTINGUISHED WINTER-SPORTERS AT ST. MORITZ.  
Our artist is still at St. Moritz, and has just sent us this page of autographed caricatures of distinguished folk there.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY D'EGVILLE.



# Tales with a sting.

## THE LESSON.

By HOLLOWAY HORN.

THE men had sallied forth to war; the women remained behind—and waited. Most of them played auction bridge as they waited.

It was the old story. One of the hill tribes had raided a friendly village and carried off all the cattle, and some of the women. The headman complained very bitterly to the British officer at Rawalti; for cattle are very important to the natives on the Indian frontier. These particular hillmen had been a little out of hand for some time, and it was decided to teach them that they must not molest peaceful villagers living under the protection of the British Raj.

To this end a hundred Sikhs and half-a-dozen officers had set out from Rawalti to the hills.

Most of the ladies at the station took the affair as a matter of course, but Mary Ludlow—the wife of the officer commanding—was new to India, and was greatly perturbed.

To make matters worse, she did not play bridge, and time, as a result, was heavy on her hands. But there is another game in India almost as popular as bridge, and very much more dangerous. This, Mary Ludlow *had* played. Her partner had been Bertie O'Brien, a subaltern of her husband's.

As such things go in India the affair had been—nothing. A little discreet flirting here and there, interspersed, perhaps, with moments where discretion had not been quite so evident. But still—of no moment.

She assured herself, as she sat on the verandah looking out to the looming, greenish hills into which both Colonel Ludlow and O'Brien had disappeared, that she had nothing to regret.

Excepting, perhaps, that letter. . . .

His duties had prevented O'Brien seeing her on the evening before the little force had set out, and, on the spur of the moment, she had sent him the note. It was hurriedly written in pencil. So hurriedly, indeed, that she had only the vaguest idea of what she *had* written.

But she assured herself that he would have destroyed the note the moment he had read it. She was quite, quite certain that it was foolish of her to worry. And, of course, she continued to worry.

A week passed before a helio message announced that the force was returning. The lesson had been well and truly taught, and for the time being all was quiet in the hills.

Mary awaited her husband on the verandah of their bungalow. She was wearing a soft blue frock that he liked, and was conscious that she was at her best. It is a very comforting feeling, but in Mary's case it was tintured with uneasiness.

At last he came.

He loomed up out of the dusk, suddenly. He was over six feet. A magnificent man; lacking O'Brien's subtle understanding, perhaps, but, after all, does a woman really want to be understood? Particularly when she is at her best?

He stood on the verandah steps looking up calmly at her with those level blue eyes of his.

"Hullo, little woman!" he greeted her. "I mustn't kiss you until I have removed the mass of dirt I've accumulated this last week. Been lonely?"

"Yes!" she said. "Horribly! Thank goodness you are back!"

"I won't be long!" he said in that low voice of his. "This is the first time I have returned from a scrap to—home!"

She watched him enter the bungalow, and, with a feeling of relief, turned again to the darkening hills.

Her thoughts were interrupted by her husband's batman, a bearded, statuesque Sikh, who, she suddenly realised, was salaaming at the bottom of the steps.

"You have my permission to speak, Lajput Ral," she said.

The bowed figure became erect.

"Where does the Colonel Sahib wish O'Brien Sahib's valise to be put?" the Sikh asked.

"You have O'Brien Sahib's valise here?" she demanded.

"The memsahib perchance does not know that O'Brien Sahib was killed?"

The blood drained from Mary Ludlow's

her husband, as she had always loved him. And none other. . . .

The blue Indian night followed swiftly on the heels of the twilight, but still, with unseeing eyes, she sat staring out to those ghastly hills.

At last the Colonel joined her. He deposited his great length in a low chair at her side. The servants were moving about in the dining-room behind them, and this, she argued, was the cause of the aloofness in him.

But was it because of the servants?

"We met with one or two awkward bits of work," he said, as he lit a cheroot.

She was looking out into the blue distance—unwaveringly. Whatever happened, her instinct and training would maintain her dignity.

"Lajput Ral told me—about poor O'Brien!" she said. Her voice, for all the grip she had on herself, seemed muted, far away.

For seconds her husband did not reply. When he spoke he said slowly:

"Poor little woman! You and he were great pals, I know."

She felt her nails piercing the palms of her hands.

"Yes," she said, hardly above a whisper. "I knew his sisters—at home."

"It's a bad business," he said after another pause.

"He was shot?" she asked, and was amazed at her own calmness.

"By a sniper. Right through the heart. No pain. . . ."

"It's a bad business," he said again. "As his C.O., I shall have to write to his father. But all one can say is the usual sort of thing. Jolly decent chap—a loss to the regiment—and so on."

She could have cried aloud. Every word he said was like a knife twisted in a wound.

"I've gathered his belongings together; they'll have to go back, too."

He spoke in the unemotional manner of his class.

"Poor woman!" said Mary, thinking of the dead man's mother.

"There's something I wanted to talk over with you, Mary," her husband went on.

"It's a bit awkward."

"What—what's bit awkward?" she asked jerkily.

"It's a letter, a letter in lead-pencil; it's in my pocket now. Strictly speaking, I should send it home with the rest of his possessions, but I don't think I shall. It would upset his mother too much."

The diamond stars in the magic blue of the sky were all dancing within Mary Ludlow's brain. If only he had shouted and stormed, if only he had taken her and shaken her so that her teeth had rattled, she could have endured it. But this calm, imperturbable control was too much for her. She closed her eyes. The big blunt soldier at her side was as simple as a child in some things. In others, she knew, he would be as hard as the granite of his native Dartmoor.

"No! I don't think I shall send it," he said again, after a silence.

"What will you do with it?" She spoke evenly, for all that she was near to breaking point.

"Burn it, I suppose," he said. "You see, it was in his tunic pocket, and is saturated with his life's blood. It is quite undecipherable."

THE END.



A SIAMESE DIPLOMAT'S WIFE AND HER CHILDREN: PRINCESS DAMRAS.

Princess Damras is the wife of the First Secretary of the Siamese Legation in London.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

face, and Lajput Ral silently withdrew, fearful that he had outraged some convention of the white race.

To the girl on the verandah, the world seemed to be tottering around her. O'Brien dead! Her husband had his valise . . . as his commanding officer he would be in charge of *all* the dead man's possessions. That letter. . . .

The new awful fact that Lajput Ral had blurted out lent twisted and sinister meaning to everything. Her husband had asked her if she had been *lonely*. What had he meant? He had spoken of his *home*. Was he mocking her?

But from the jumbled mass of her tumultuous thought one fact emerged. She loved

## This Week's Studdy.



"THERE YOU ARE THEN!"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDY.

## T. G. for "A to Z": A Welcome "Stranger."



PLAYING THE LEAD AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: MISS TEDDIE GERARD.

The new version of "A. to Z." at the Prince of Wales's, which was produced last week, contains many new things, but perhaps its most interesting feature is the fact that Miss Teddie Gerard has joined the cast. This clever artist has been in the U.S.A. for a considerable time, and there played in the famous Ziegfeld Follies, and made a number of

films. She has five songs in the new "A. to Z."—including a "surprise duet" with Mr. Jack Buchanan; appears in a Ronald Jeans sketch—and, naturally, has some wonderful frocks, for Miss Gerard's fame has always been enhanced by the marvellous dresses she wears, and the style with which she can carry off daring and original toilettes.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROYAL ARCHER, NEW YORK, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

## The Heroine of Ian Hay's Thick-Ear Play.



PHYLLIS TO SIR GERALD DU MAURIER'S "BULLDOG DRUMMOND": MISS OLWEN ROOSE.

Miss Olwen Roose is now playing the heroine of "Bulldog Drummond," the "thick-ear" play by Ian Hay, in which Sir Gerald du Maurier takes the name-part. The production is one of the big London theatrical successes, and is melodrama which keeps everyone

strung up to the most pleasurable pitch of excitement from start to finish. It will be remembered that Miss Emily Brooke created the part of the heroine, and then left the stage on her marriage to Mr. "Atty" Persse.

Photograph by Bassano.

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HER GRACE A LADY OF GRACE.



## THE WIFE OF THE SIXTH DUKE: THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

The Duchess of Portland is the wife of the sixth Duke of Portland, and the daughter of Mr. Thomas Yorke Dallas-Yorke, of Walmgate, Louth. She is Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra, and a Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem in England. The Duke and Duchess of Portland have two sons and one daughter. Their elder son, the Marquess of Titchfield, married the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox, and has two daughters; and their daughter, Lady Victoria Wemyss, the wife of Captain Michael John Wemyss, has one son, David.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.

## The Step-Daughter of a Third Earl.



A RECENT DÉBUTANTE: MISS AUDREY MEAKIN, YOUNGER DAUGHTER  
OF LADY SONDES

Miss Audrey Meakin is the younger daughter of Countess Sondes, who, before her marriage to the third Earl Sondes, was Mrs. James Meakin. She is a recent débutante, and closely resembles her beautiful mother, who entertains a good deal for her. Lady Sondes' elder daughter,

Beatrice, is Lady Cayzer, the wife of Sir Charles Cayzer, whom she married in 1919. Miss Audrey Meakin is now on the Riviera with Lady Sondes, who has a villa at Cannes and likes to escape from England during the months of February and March.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

## Musician and Philanthropist: A Baron's Daughter.



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD MARSHALL OF CHIPSTEAD:  
THE HON. GWENDOLINE BROOKS MARSHALL.

The Hon. Gwendoline Marshall is the younger daughter of the first Baron Marshall of Chipstead, P.C., K.C.V.O. She is a talented musician, and during her father's Peace-Year Lord Mayoralty, her violin solos were an attractive feature of the Mansion House entertainments. She is also interested in philanthropy, and specially in all good work for

the benefit of children. She is President of the Young Leaguers' Union for the National Children's Homes and Orphanage, and is now working hard organising the bazaar to be held in May for the Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage. Lord Marshall was raised to the Peerage in 1921.

*Photograph by Bassano.*

## The Monkman and the Pierrot Man!



AND MASCOT: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

Miss Phyllis Monkman is one of the attractions of the Co-Optimists' merry pierrotic entertainment at the Palace—a show which London has taken to its heart and thoroughly approves of. Our

artist has pictured her with her laughing pierrot doll, who is a first-class mascot, we understand. He has also succeeded in catching Miss Monkman's characteristic and highly engaging smile.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. H. HARRIS.

# The Lights of Paris.

**Jockey-ed into Fame.** Mlle. Fanny Heldy has obtained fame by her fine singing at the Opéra. As Salomé, in "Hérodiade," she is superb. But never, for her most brilliant performance, has she received such publicity as she now receives because she happened to mention the fact that she would like to ride horses in races. Her talent was written about on the back pages; her caprice was written about on the front pages. One is tempted to parody the question of Pontius Pilate: "What is fame?" Fame does not concern itself with one's serious accomplishments. Fame concerns itself only with one's picturesque eccentricities. I do not say that Mlle. Fanny Heldy has not obtained her share of publicity as a singer. But she has obtained vastly more than her share of publicity as a would-be jockey. Probably the ordinary public, which does not go to the Opéra, had only heard of her dimly. Now there is not a man or woman in France who does not know all about Mlle. Fanny Heldy. Which proves that while genuine talent—which she certainly possesses—is useful, a happy idea that will appeal to the public fancy is still more useful.

**Why Not Women Jockeys?** Personally, I see no reason why there

should not be women jockeys. I suppose strength is required, but skill plays the greater part. It would seem that women are more likely to possess the requisite qualities of lightness and dexterity than men who have to undergo the most rigorous training to keep down their weight. Women, as this dainty jockey declares, are now allowed to indulge in the most vigorous sports. They play football, and I have heard of women boxers who are even prettier than Carpentier. With the doors of all professions and all sports now opening to the fairer sex, why should racing remain a masculine monopoly? Here is an injustice that should be remedied. If Mlle. Heldy can control the steeds of Apollo, should she not be allowed to control the steeds of M. Hennessy?

**Société de Découragement.** In France the jockeys' licenses are distributed by the Société d'Encouragement. The Société is to encourage the equine race—it refuses to encourage Mlle. Heldy. She thinks it ought to be re-named the Société de Découragement. This is by no means the first time that such applications have been made. The sister of the well-known jockey Percy Woodland, and a Russian lady, Mme. de Goulebow, tried without success to break down the barriers—or, rather, to surmount the hurdles that have been arbitrarily erected.

**Riding Astride.** Mlle. Heldy would, of course, only ride as an amateur. She would continue to sing in the rôle of Thaïs. After riding Lemonora to victory, she would effect a quick change and appear as Madame Butterfly. Why, she asks, if women can become aviators, can they not become jockeys? She rides, of course, as they say in France, à l'américaine: to sit astride may be less elegant in line, but it is, she says, safer and healthier.

**"La Plus Grande Poëtesse."** If she has failed for the moment in her ambition, the Comtesse de Noailles has secured a veritable feminine triumph. She is the first woman to be received at the Académie. Not the Académie of the Quai de Conti—the doors of the Académie Française still resist this feminine attack. It is old and has deep-rooted traditions. But the Belgian Académie has fewer prejudices, and has made the charming *poëtesse* a member. She is indeed charming, both in person and in her writings. She had recently the same experience as Victor Hugo once had. An admirer posted to her a letter addressed: "A la plus grande poëtesse de France." It was delivered to her without the smallest delay. While so many writers in France are searching for new ways, she remains faithful to romanticism. Among the French poets she is, one may say, the Last of the Romantics.



sword. It would not be difficult to adapt this costume for feminine purposes. But what can take the place of the sword? Some jocular writers are suggesting a broomstick. Others, less ribald, would substitute an elegant shepherdess's crook, or a long *canne*, such as was carried by the *marquises*.

**Pictures and Patisserie.** Another feminine triumph is anticipated by the waitresses of Paris. They

are expecting to be called upon to give their services at the Louvre. There is question of installing a restaurant in the celebrated museum. You see, in future a charge will be made for admission into this wonderful national gallery, and the authorities believe that, as visitors from the provinces and from England will have paid to enter, they cannot be turned out until they have tramped through the interminable rooms. Therefore, as the visit will be a long one, there must be added to the multitudinous *salles* a *salle-à-manger*. After regarding Raphael, the lover of art may like a beefsteak; or he may break off his tour at Titian to take a cup of tea. I am not sure that the idea is altogether good. Millet and *veau marengo*, Courbet and a *glace panachée*, somehow do not go together. Rembrandt and a *poulet rôti* shock me, and I do not want to mix my Delacroix with *patisserie*. However, we must prepare for the worst, and after looking at the works of Watteau, we may suddenly come upon a crowd of people eating *babas au rhum*.

**Mona Lisa's Smile.** Even worse remains, for we are told by M. d'Estournelles de

Constant that he desires to make the restaurant a place that shall be *gaiet souriante*. What does this mean? Can it be that the tango is to invade the Louvre? Is it possible that the Louvre is to become the brightest and biggest *thé dansant* or *diner dansant* in Paris? Perish the thought! We do not want to mix the *genres* like that. We do not want to drink champagne between Murillo and Manet. We do not want the mysterious smile of Mona Lisa as she looks down upon a *mondaine* scene to become more cryptic than ever. But in these days one never knows what may happen.



ONE OF THE NUMEROUS "LLOYD GEORGES" ON THE PARIS STAGE: M. BOUCOT IN HIS MAKE-UP AS THE P.M.

The Paris stage is teeming with actors made up as Mr. Lloyd George, but they do not all achieve our idea of a good likeness of our versatile Prime Minister. Our photograph shows M. Boucot, the famous Parisian comedian and movie star, made up as L.G., in the revue at the Casino de Paris.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

Her art is extremely delicate and sensitive, and she certainly deserves the distinction that she now receives. The Last of the Romantics becomes the First of the Académiciennes.

**What of the Sword?** This event will certainly increase the clamour in literary circles in France

for the admission of women to the Académie Française. If the Immortels constitute the *premier salon* of France, how can a *salon* be complete without ladies? It will be a great day for feminism when the Académie Française follows the example of the Académie Belge. Already there are tremendous discussions about the sort of robe that should be worn. The men wear embroidered green coats, a *chapeau à plumes*, and an ornamental

**Bed-Room Teas.** For among the extraordinary happenings are now to be registered the bed-room teas that are said to be the latest fad of a certain society. I have not been present on these occasions, but I am told that Madame receives her guests, a fascinating figure in lace—and in her bed! She holds her court in these intimate and coquettish surroundings. "She gaily leads," I read, "the conversation from the theatre to love, and thence to the latest book, the next scandal, and the praises of her dancing professor." It may be so. I can answer for nothing in these days, but I confess that I prefer to think of the Comtesse de Noailles being received by the Belgian Académie, or even of Mlle. Fanny Heldy riding a good-priced winner. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

## DRAMA, DOG-FANCIERS, SPORT, AND MUSIC



INCLUDING FIVE OF LORD AND LADY ENNISMORE'S CHILDREN:  
THE CAST OF "THE ROSE AND THE RING."



A PRIZE-WINNER: THE HON. EDITH TR  
BENNACHIE OF TREFUSIS.



WITH PIXIE AND PUCK OF DANE  
MISS PORCH.



GIVER OF A SONG RECITAL ON JAN. 31: MISS HELEN HENSCHEL.



THE HALDON HARRIERS MEET AT

A performance of "The Rose and the Ring" was given for the benefit of the villagers by Lord and Lady Ennismore's children, assisted by Hon. Mrs. Glyn (sister of Lady Ennismore), and her son David Long, and Miss M. Greeves. Our photograph shows the Hon. William, the Hon. Richard, the Hon. John, the Hon. Patricia, and the Hon. Elizabeth Hare, five of the six children of Lord Ennismore, who is the only son of the Earl of Listowel.—Over 700 competitors entered for the National Terrier Show at the Horticultural Hall, and many distinguished dogs

## A VARIED PAGE OF SOCIAL INTEREST.



THE NATIONAL TERRIER SHOW:  
TOM EDWARDS' VENTRILOQUIST.



ROSS-SHIRE WARRIOR: BARONESS BURTON.



ENJOYING LUNCH AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL: THE HON. EDITH TREFUSIS AND MISS SCHROEDER (RIGHT) WITH THEIR TERRIERS.



AND LADY CABLE'S HOUSE PARTY.



AT CANNES: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY.

there, including the Duchess of Newcastle, the Marchioness of Cambridge, Baroness Burton, and the Hon. Edith Trefusis, half-sister of Lord Burton.—The names in our photograph of the meet of the Haldon Harriers include Captain Goodson, Sir Alfred Goodson, Bart., Master of Harriers, Lady Alice, Mrs. Goodson, Lord Cable, Mr. Mark Ball, Mrs. Mark Ball, and Mr. Ball jun.—Miss Helen Henschel's song recital was at the Wigmore Hall.—Lady Patricia Ramsay has been visiting Cannes, but returned to Paris last week.—[Photographs by S. and G., W. Parkinson, Bertram Park, and Naville.]



Parnassian Peaks.

There are two peaks on the Parnassus of British fiction above the crowded and smiling valleys where the prosperous workers turn out novels for the railway bookstalls with a free use of the available supplies of water-power and what Mr. Asquith just called the "cataracts of sentiment" for the propulsion of their little mill-wheels. One is called Success, and is covered with trees right to the very top. The other is an arid projection of a rockier order; but it is some thousands of feet higher, and its name is Distinction. Sometimes (but the case is rare) a novelist who has scaled the sharp slopes of Distinction is transferred by an avalanche of the public taste to Success. It happened to Mr. Conrad, and one wishes so much that it could happen to some of the other weary climbers of the harder road. The people on Success are of quite a different order. They live in large houses and read their Press cuttings. Sometimes (in extreme cases) they own islands and write articles about them for the newspapers, or discover Scott letters in the presence of an appropriate number of Press agents. But they never reach Distinction.

Sharply Etched Biography. Yet that is where Miss May Sinclair gets to in a little book called "The Life and Death of Harriett Frean." This sharply etched biography of a spinster is a piece of writing that we may all be proud of.



ROSEMARY AND DICK WHITTINGTON IN THE SILCHESTER AMATEUR PANTOMIME: MRS. MAYNE AND MRS. PARKINSON (SEATED).

Mrs. Parkinson, the wife of Colonel Parkinson, played the principal girl in the pantomime, "Dick Whittington," produced recently by amateurs at Silchester. Our photograph shows her with Dick Whittington, who was played by Mrs. Mayne.—[Photograph by Eric Guy.]

## The Corner Shelf.

The figures stand out in a cold, clear light; and the life story, which would have provided Mr. Arnold Bennett with material for a trilogy, is told in a slim volume of large print (and one may remark sternly in passing—not to Miss Sinclair, but to her publishers—that they have no business, even in these times, to sell us a *nouvelle* of one-third the size of a full-length novel at the price of six shillings). It is a distinguished and charming piece of work, for which one can only say "Thank you." It makes fault-finding seem almost ungracious. Yet one may doubt whether any adult male in the year 1860 was capable of the Montessori sentiments which Miss Sinclair attributes to Mr. Frean. Few, if any, of the contemporaries of Lord Palmerston said to their peccant off-

to the full-bodied lucubrations of some of Miss Sinclair's contemporaries. Enter (with a picture on his front sandwich-board that thoroughly belies his contents) Mr. Desmond Coke, with an obvious anxiety to tell us yet another of his delightful school-stories. One could tell that at the very beginning, when he married his heroine to a young Headmaster and sent them back after a perfunctory honeymoon for the first day of term. And his School, from first to last, is as excellently drawn as one would expect it to be by a hand that has written and re-written "The Bending of a Twig." And yet, and yet . . . why couldn't Mr. Coke leave it at that?—why must he foist upon his reader a not particularly convincing story of a Headmaster's wife—a wife, as you see from the very beginning, of incredible femininity yoked with a man of unbelievable woodiness? Whenever Mr. Coke escapes safely from the tunnel of his plot into a picture of schoolboys, of the damp and sounding passages of the School House, of the curate-like heartiness of the Headmaster in society, he is first-rate. But when his heroine's Wings begin to beat against the Bars of her Cage (and it was presumably in order to describe that phenomenon that he wrote the book) he passes straight into the region of the incredible. And the incredible, in a realistic novel, lies perilously near to the unreadable.



COLONEL'S LADY AND PRINCIPAL BOY IN THE SILCHESTER AMATEUR PANTOMIME: MRS. MAYNE, THE WIFE OF COLONEL C. G. R. MAYNE, C.B., C.M.G.

The title rôle of "Dick Whittington," the Silchester amateur pantomime, was played by Mrs. Mayne, the wife of Colonel C. R. G. Mayne, C.B., C.M.G., Assistant Military Secretary of the War Office, of The Wilderness, Tadley, who made a very charming Dick.—[Photograph by Eric Guy.]

spring: "People are punished to make them remember. We want you to forget. . . . Forget ugly things. Understand, Hatty, nothing is forbidden. We don't forbid, because we trust you to do what we wish. To behave beautifully. . . ." Or even remarked of stockbroking: "It's like pure mathematics. You're dealing in abstractions, ideal values, all the time. You calculate—in curves." But one can forgive Miss Sinclair anything—even her very modern obsession of pathology—for this delicately written, honest piece of fiction.

Concerning After this "Full Blood," careful etching, so sparing in its touches, so true in the bite of its acid on the plate, one turns without much enthusiasm

So there it is—a book of pleasant by-products. If you want the Public School Staged. well staged by an experienced hand and not mishandled to an accompaniment of the usual ineptitudes, you will get it from Mr. Coke's new book. And from no one better. But if you are looking out for a solemn picture of a woman finding herself out in the slow agony of a misjudged marriage—why, then, even when you have read Mr. Coke's two hundred pleasant pages, you will still be looking for it. Because it is not there. Perhaps he didn't mean it to be. And (since no criticism is more stupidly irritating than the sort which is perpetually complaining of a revue for not being "Hamlet") one can only be grateful to him for what he has written instead of crying for what he hasn't. And one hopes that several of his "Gog" (short for Ped A. Gog) colleagues will read his sketches of the Public School master. Then Mr. Coke may attain some of the divine unpopularity among schoolmasters which Mr. Kipling reached by means of the detectably true educationists in "Stalky and Co." Because it is high time, it is always high time, that schoolmasters should be told the truth about themselves.

[Continued overleaf.]

# The Sculptor · Widow of an Antarctic Explorer to Marry.



LADY SCOTT'S FIANCE: LIEUT-COMMANDER  
E. HILTON YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C.



LADY SCOTT'S MONUMENT TO HER HUSBAND.



COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE.



MR. W. B. YEATS; BY LADY SCOTT.



MR. ASQUITH; BY LADY SCOTT.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER E. HILTON YOUNG: LADY SCOTT,  
WIDOW OF CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, R.N.

The engagement of Lady Scott, widow of Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., of Antarctic fame, to Lieutenant-Commander E. Hilton Young, D.S.O., D.S.C., was announced last week. It will be remembered that all the world mourned with Lady Scott when the fate of Captain Scott and his companions became known in 1913. They died in a blizzard in January 1912, on their return journey from the South Pole. Lady Scott received the rank of a K.C.B.'s widow in 1913, and since Captain

Scott's death she has devoted herself to art. She studied under Rodin, and has achieved great success as a sculptor. Her principal works include the memorial to the Hon. C. S. Rolls at Dover, and the statue to Captain Scott in Waterloo Place, and she has had many distinguished sitters. Lady Scott was married in 1908, and has a son, Peter Markham, who was born in 1910, and is a splendid specimen of an English boy.—[Photographs by Hugh Cecil, T.P.A., Basil and Russell.]

CONTINUED.

**The Effort of Modernity.** Miss Larminie is determined to be a Modern Young Woman. She begins and ends her "Search" with a confinement, and plunges her well-intentioned reader into the wildest confusion as to who all the people are who flit through her earlier pages in a bewildering succession of proper names. The procession of her characters has all the air of one of Will Shakespeare's visions seen through Miss Clemence Dane's gauze screen. One feels that it would all be delightful if only one could see clearly who they are and what they are up to. Miss Larminie's book has all the charming appearance of a first novel. Well, she must try again, and next time she must not obtrude between her story and its reader the opaque screen of all this prodigious cleverness. One feels that she is straining all the time to be modern and incoherent about a simple, goodish story. Next time she must mind a little less about the manner of its telling and let her imagination run straight, instead of tying its little feet

into the cruel Chinese shoes of some Method of which she seems now to be the victim.

**A Friendly Dictionary.** And so, with a faint flicker of relief, one turns eagerly away from a row of novels

to the solid, comfortable back of a Dictionary. Not a common or garden Dictionary. Although there are hypocrites who pretend (mostly for money) that Dictionaries are good reading. And it is obvious to some of us that Mr. Compton Mackenzie puts in some hard reading at his. But this is a friendly Dictionary, a companionable encyclopaedia, a strange hospital of hurt expressions in which an amateur of phrases collects the casualties in the verbal war and labels them in long, light wards, where you may bend over the bedside of dying catchwords and corrupted metaphors.

#### In a Verbal Museum.

And Mr. Hyamson is really a person of encyclopaedic learning, although the form in which it is presented is inevitably scrappy. But was it really necessary to tell us that "Jove! By" was "an asseveration. By Jupiter, a Rom. god." And one is inclined to inquire irreverently in return for this wholly superfluous information, who "Gosh! By" was, anyway. Because the accomplished Mr. Hyamson doesn't seem to know. Or perhaps it was hardly fit for our young ears. One is filled with awe for his information as one wanders with him through this verbal museum of metaphors and stock phrases and nicknames.

**A Question of Nicknames.** It is ungrateful to find faults. But one would wish that he had inserted the qualifying adverb "poss." before his explanation of Badinguet, the nickname of Napoleon III., as "after the name of the workman in whose clothes he escaped from prison at Ham in 1846." And if we are to have the nicknames of that adventurous man, what about "Moustachu"? But the work is really astoundingly complete and accurate. Yet if we are to have all the bad names which society has bestowed on lawyers, he ought surely to have given us "Shyster." And among Imperial nicknames, what about "Stupor Mundi"?

**Wizard, Little.** He gives us a list of the things that The . . . one is sure of as —death, guns, and things like that. But what, one asks testily, oh, what about the inevitable eggs? Come, come, Mr. Hyamson; in

your next edition, please give us a cross-reference on your "Sure" page to your "Egg" page. And pay your tribute to contemporary hallucinations by inserting after the Wizard of the North an entry identifying "Wizard, Little, the, from



THE DAUGHTER OF THE LATE ALICE AND CLAUD ASKEW: MISS I. D. ASKEW.

Miss I. D. Askew is the daughter of the late Alice and Claud Askew, who wrote so many popular works in collaboration. It will be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Askew were both drowned during the war. They did splendid relief work in Serbia. [Photograph by Swaine.]

Wales." And perhaps they will take in a copy at No. 10. And we might have among the wool entries something about pulling the wool over the eyes. With a cross-reference to the Little Wizard.

**In Praise of Industry.** But the fascination of the book is perfectly endless.

Still, if we are to be told that Jean Huber was "the Tintoretto of Switzerland," we might just as well be reminded of the constantly reiterated claim that Mr. Robert W. Service is the Canadian Kipling. And someone ought to tell us in another edition who the "Wee Frees" are. And all about "French's contemptible little Army" (Mr. Hyamson has got the T. G. on his little list). And one is mildly scandalised to find Welsh rarebit spelt as though the little dear had two long ears and lived on lettuce. However. . . . The whole visit to Mr. Hyamson's museum is a thoroughly delightful experience. One wanders past the labelled specimens and stands in wonder at the thought of the industry which has brought them all together.

**The Life and Death of Harriett Frean.** By May Sinclair. (Collins; 6s. net.)

**Pamela Herself.** By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. net.)

**Search.** By Margaret Rivers Larminie. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d. net.)

**A Dictionary of English Phrases.** By A. M. Hyamson. (Routledge; 12s. 6d. net.)



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST, AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF MISS BRADDON: MISS BARBARA MAXWELL.

Miss Barbara Maxwell is the only daughter of Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the well-known novelist and author of "The Guarded Flame," "Vivien," "In Cotton Wool," "A Remedy Against Sin," etc. Mr. Maxwell is himself the son of a famous novelist, as his mother, Mrs. John Maxwell, was Miss M. E. Braddon. Mr. Maxwell married Miss Sydney Moore, and has one son and one daughter.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



DICK TURPIN:  
The "Spaniard's," Hampstead Heath.  
Built in 1630—a favourite haunt of the  
picturesque highwayman, Dick Turpin.

SHADE OF DICK TURPIN: "Ah, 'Johnnie Walker'—if only I had been alive to rob you of a bottle or two."



## GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



In "Beaufort-shire." The splitting up of large estates and the passing of the old order have left but

a handful of the great landowners, though big subscribers, as distinct from these, are by no means lacking. Badminton, Grittleton, and Westonbirt alone remain practically intact, the former properties just lightly lopped of outlying portions.

Sir Audley Neeld, the Squire of Grittleton, and President of the Hunt Committee, is an enthusiastic fox-hunter, though he never jumps a fence, or makes any pretence of wishing so to do. Thanks to his knowledge of the country, he sees a lot of a hunt, the same applying to his brothers, Admiral Neeld, of Twatley, near Malmesbury, and Colonel Mortimer Neeld, who formerly commanded the 17th Lancers, and hunts from Langley Lodge on the Chippenham side. All three are great supporters of the hunt, are Field Masters, and are most popular throughout the countryside. Lady Neeld, who was a Vivian, is sadly crippled from neuritis now, but rarely misses a meet in her car, and follows hounds all day, coming out in her bath-chair when they come to Grittleton. Of Sir Audley it is related that an inquisitive stranger one day asked him if his horse was a good performer. "I have no idea, Sir," was the reply, with an unseen twinkle in his eye. "Why, haven't you had him long?" "Only seven seasons," was the dry response!

**A Prince of Fox-Preservers.** Sir George Holford, of Westonbirt, seldom comes out nowadays, but is a prince of fox-preservers, and Westonbirt is a wonderful source of fox-supply. Charlton, just over the border, belongs to the V.W.H., of course; but the young Earl of Suffolk's lands are often crossed by the Blue Coats, too, some of the estate being actually in the Hunt; and Lady Suffolk is a good friend to us, as was her husband.

Draycot and Compton Bassett are derelict mansions, left high and dry in the middle of lands sold in little bits. Mr. Harford, Hugh Baker, of Chedglove, Leonard Taylor, Colonel Wyatt-Turnor of Pinkney, and Colonel Archie Miles are all members of the Committee, and invaluable supporters of all concerning the Hunt, which entails consistent, all-the-year-round work on the permanent residents, that the visitors, who gaily reap the benefit, seldom have any idea of.

Captain John Spicer, of Spy, only comes out occasionally, and hacks about on a cob now, and Lady Margaret has never hunted since the death of her only daughter, a most lovely girl, in the influenza epidemic of 1919; but their three soldier sons hunt when winter leave comes round. Last, but by no means least, of substantial pillars does the hunt lean on its most genial, efficient secretary, Audley Miller (a brother of the late Butt-Miller, for many years' Master of the Cricklade), who extracts the "cap" with tact and humour.

### Doings of the Blackmore Vale.

The Blackmore Vale had a great hunt the other Thursday, and the field had its fill of galloping and jumping over the Pulham country for two hours and a quarter ere a stout fox yielded up his brush. The latter appendage, by the way, was carried home in triumph by Miss Bunty Holford, aged, I believe, ten years, who, true to the family traditions, was going the very best through it all!

### The Unlucky Horse-Shoe.

Tosses were many, that of Captain Orde having the unpleasant result of four broken ribs. The cause of this disaster is perhaps worthy of record, and may serve as a warning to some brother sportsmen. A lady's horse had cast a shoe, which was picked up by Captain Orde. He apprised the fair owner of her ill-luck, and proceeded to escort her to the nearest forge with the shoe in his pocket. On the way his horse fell, and he landed with some force on the unlucky horse-shoe, which caused the aforesaid damage. The moral of this is: "Let sleeping dogs (otherwise cast horse-shoes) lie!" If the necessity to convey the equine footgear whilst on horseback become abso-

lutely vital, tie it on the end of your crop and let it dangle in the rear, or treat it as it were a polo-ball and your crop a polo-stick—adopt any method, in fact, rather than that of putting it in your pocket!

The anticipated change in the Mastership of the Sparkford Harriers has now become fact, and Major Harwood Manger and Captain Taylor-Whitehead have been appointed Joint-Masters, to the great satisfaction of all concerned. Hounds will hunt two days a week, and the Joint-Masters are to carry the horn in turn, I hear.

### The Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds.

Only two days' hunting this last week; one at Hendersyde Park, near Kelso, Sir Richard Walde Griffith's nice place on the Tweed, with about four miles of the best salmon-fishing. Sir Richard does not hunt now, and is spending this winter in Austria. It is a very white world here—deep snow and hard frost; but Summers, the huntsman, is not easily defeated, and has had one or two snow hunts. He is a

most versatile man, as when not hunting in this weather, he is to be found on the curling-pond. He is also a very good cricketer goes in first, and generally makes a good score.

The hunting people are doing a lot of grouching over the frost, and some of them have gone to seek a better climate. Mr. Edmonston started off to motor to London when the snow began—I don't know if he ever got there—and the Montgomeries are off to Algiers for a little this week. In the meantime they are tobogganing hard. There are some grand hills all round Bemersyde. Curling also attracts a good many—there are two excellent artificial ponds at St. Boswells—but everyone will be glad to see black roads again instead of white.

### The Jed-Forest Hounds.

This pack had a splendid day just before the frost; they met at Wells, not very far from Jedburgh. Sir Robert Usher lives there, and he and his wife and six sons all hunt, which is a pretty good record. They hunt with the Duke's too, as Wells is quite convenient for both packs. The Master's brother, Mr. J. Robson Scott, who lives in that country, too, has a fine stud of mares, and breeds racehorses. He races a little himself, and he and his daughter do not miss many meetings.

### The North Northumberland Hounds.

Colonel the Hon. H. Joicey is the Master of these hounds. Last year he married Lady Ellesmere's sister Miss Joan Lambton, who goes very well and is beautifully mounted. Her brother, Captain Claud Lambton, also hunts with them. He lives near Wooler, as also does Mrs. P. Swan, who is very keen; she is the late Charlie Cunningham's youngest daughter. He, as most people know, was the well-known gentleman rider, winner of many races, a most splendid horseman and popular man. This Hunt had its ball last week at Berwick, which is just on the edge of their country. About 250 people were present, and it was beautifully done. Excellent supper, and the greatest joy was Joyce's band from London. The Master was there dancing hard; Lord Joicey brought a large party; and Mrs. Menzies sent a party of young people from Kames; the Trotters from Charterhall, Hunters, Leathers, Collingwoods, etc., were all there; and Lady Frances Osborne chaperoned many parties.

### Improved Going with the Belvoir.



### WITH A HIGHLY ESTEEMED FRIEND : LADY MAINWARING.

Lady Mainwaring, the beautiful wife of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring, has been hunting in the shires. Our photograph shows her at a recent meet of the Quorn.

Photograph by Alfieri.

The Belvoir had a successful day when they met at Harley, though a good many arrived late, the roads being still almost impassable in places owing to great snow-drifts. The going has greatly improved with the snow and rain, and everyone is hoping that hunting will continue without a break for the rest of the season.

ENABLES ME TO RECOVER  
MY NERVE FORCE AND ENERGY.



## FAMOUS FILM ACTRESS

Miss Malvina Longfellow writes:—"The travelling, concentration, and intensity of characterisation demanded by Film, Drama and Comedy, are a very severe tax upon one's stock of nervous vitality, and in my own case, I find Phosferine enables me to recover my nerve force and energy in a very short time. It is accurate to say Phosferine is a reliable safeguard against that jaded appearance and condition which follows prolonged professional exertions, and I consider my freedom from the familiar disfigurements of nerve disorders is mainly due to the nerve-invigorating properties of Phosferine."

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Loss of Appetite

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Pro-hic-ition ! This one has only now come from the U.S.A., commonly known as God's Country, where the licensing laws are more or less spoken of as anything but divine. The scene was a well-known New York restaurant. It was midnight. The dancing was fully fledged—which is more than could be said of the dancers. There were numbers of people "sitting around," as comfortably as they could, among the "air-balloons" and "trailers and streamers." A "final" was ordered in the form of a "large high-ball—twice," which, in English, means "two double whiskies-and-sodas." The drinks were brought, paid for, and attacked. During the second sip—known in God's Country as a gulp—one citizen turned to his friend and said: "Say, kid, do you think we shall ever get pro-hib-ition in this city?"

"Oh, who would live in New York who only London knows !"

Two definitions: Joy—having what you have not. Misery—not having what you have. These are meant only for the subtle-minded.

A man may say a clever thing once. If he says the same thing a second time (silly ass to do so !) it is considered dull. A woman may say a dull thing once (may !). If she says the same thing a second time (so like a woman !) it is hailed by all and sundry as clever.

o + i. I found my sporting nephew to school beside the pond at the edge of the wood. He appeared to be fishing—that is, he held in his hand an improvised rod and line, and the quiverings of a float on the otherwise still surface of the pool suggested that a weed was hooked. I asked him how many fish he had caught. With his keen eye still on the feverish float, he replied: "When I've got another, I shall have one."

Maisie rushed into the nursery and announced, to the accompaniment of excited clapping of hands, that Auntie had a new baby. Tommy, who was making up his stamp-album, said: "Well, what's the matter with the old one—worn out ?"

The new Irish phrasing of the one word "Government" has now been discovered to be "give-an'-meant."

To improve the present-day drama, you want less Art and more heart.

They are now talking of making the date July 4 an English celebration. And why not? The Americans make a great fuss about their "Independance" on that day. Surely, there should be some shouting on our side.

Title for play dealing with Politics and Publicans: "Measure for Measure."

## Through a Glass Lightly.

### Yet Another Place.

When the second Honours List came out, the wife of a profitably munition-maker went to tea at the house of a friend of someone who had been persuaded to be honoured. She spoke of the various honours and Orders that had been thrust upon her family, and declared that she now had two

cousins in the House of Lords. "That's nothing," said a distinguished, but indistinguishable, author who was present. "That's nothing, for I've got an aunt in the Kingdom of Heaven!"

**Precocity.** Father objected to paying an extra garage bill presented by his rather lively son on the day before going up. The son explained that, as father would not allow him to use the family car, he had been forced to hire from the local garage, "as you can't meet a girl and all that without a car." Father said he would pay this—just once; and once and for all. "My dear young fellow," he declared, "you forget how I've had to work to send you to the University. I never had those advantages. Moreover, understand this: when I started life I walked." And the son, grabbing the cheque, remarked, in the manner of the happy undergraduate, "You were lucky, dad. Most of us start by crawling."

When a woman wants peace—or thinks she does—she goes to parties. A man who goes to parties thinks that he's looking for peace.

**The Art of Porter-Killing.** If you want to practise a new kind of joke, get a lot of fun for yourself and a lot of trouble for some innocent railway porter, do this. Just before your train starts, give a porter a shilling and tell him to "run the train" (a real railway technical term) asking "Is Mr. Hugo Pothleßtwite here, please?" At the next station you expend another bob on another porter, but with the same query. By the time you get to Crewe a porter will most likely be murdered by someone who has been asked that same question at every stop.

It's a good way of ridding the world of railway porters.

**The Coward.** Talking of railways, a farmer sued a railway company for damages resulting from the death of one of his cows, the poor animal having been run into by an ordinary goods train.

The engine-driver was giving evidence, as engine-drivers do. The barrister for the farmer heckled the mechanician on all kinds of technicalities, but kept reverting to his one pet question, which was: "Now tell me, was the cow on the line?" The engine-driver became peeved and, having been asked the same question so often, answered: "Well, Sir, if yer wants me to tell the real truth, the cow wasn't on the line. It was bathing in the stream on t' other side of the bank. But the engine saw it, left the rails, dashed over the bank, and, landing clean on the cow, strangled it to death without a word."

**Differences:** An artist is one who worries only about his own business. A businessman is one who worries only about other people's (chiefly artists') business.

A working journalist's true returns: His own articles and his own cheques (both signed).

SPES.



CINEMA STAR AND WIFE OF THE PRESENTER OF "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE": MISS JUSTINE JOHNSON (MRS. WALTER WANGER).

Miss Justine Johnson, the famous American film star and beauty, is taking the principal rôle in the Gaumont film, "The Plaything of Broadway," which has created a sensation in America, and will be shortly produced in England. In private life Miss Johnson is Mrs. Walter Wanger. Her husband presented "The Three Musketeers" at Covent Garden, and is now giving "The Glorious Adventure."—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]



THE "BEST" TWINS CHRISTENED AT HOVE: MISS EDNA BEST (MRS. SEYMOUR BEARD) AND HER HUSBAND, WITH THE INFANTS.

Miss Edna Best, who is in private life Mrs. Seymour Beard, carried one of her twins out of church after the christening, which took place at St. Patrick's Church, Hove; and her husband, Mr. Seymour Beard, conveyed the other. Miss Best, it will be remembered, made a great success here in "Brown Sugar."—[Photograph by K. Hopkins.]



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE V.



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THE perfect comfort of a  
smart, cosy JAEGER  
NIGHTDRESS is a surprise  
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for the first time.

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Style 145 (as illustrated)

PURE WOOL "TAFFETA,"

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**JAEGER**  
*Pure Wool*

LONDON DEPOTS:

126, Regent Street, W.1  
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30, Sloane Street, S.W.1

102, Kensington High St., W.8  
131A, Victoria Street, S.W.1  
85 & 86, Cheapside, E.C.2

Jaeger Agents in every town and throughout the  
British Empire.

# Motor Dicta.

By Gerald Biss.

## Slump Statistics.

I have a hatred of statistics equalled only by the Evil One's alleged aversion from holy water; but I suppose our over-staffed Board of Trade must do something to justify its inflated salary list in such a year of slump. Anyhow, whether you like them or not, nasty cold, hard figures serve to bring facts home and make folk realise that all is not always for the best in this worst of worlds. Certainly things economical have been misbehaving themselves appallingly in every

suit imports from America, with their larger, squarer type of engine; but this, at the same time, is the type more easily saleable overseas and more popular amongst Colonial folk. This horse-power system of taxation is by its incidence forcing British manufacturers in the main to focus and concentrate upon the smaller and lighter types more suitable for use at home; and in this way, apart from others, the huge export market of the future is being jeopardised and diverted. All said and done, it is a very poor consolation that imports have dropped 79 per cent. in a record year of stagnation, when exports have slumped 45 per cent. Something rotten in the state of England—or things. Eh, what?

## Tax and Trade.

Again, that wonderfully well-informed and level-headed organ of things automobilous, the *Motor Trader*, which circulates only amongst the trade, had recently a very damning indictment of the direct effect of the reactionary

horse-power tax upon the industry. In view of the all-round slump, especially in agricultural districts, cars recently purchased are being thrown upon the market because their owners cannot afford to pay the tax; and farmers are seriously reverting to horses and trains for transport.

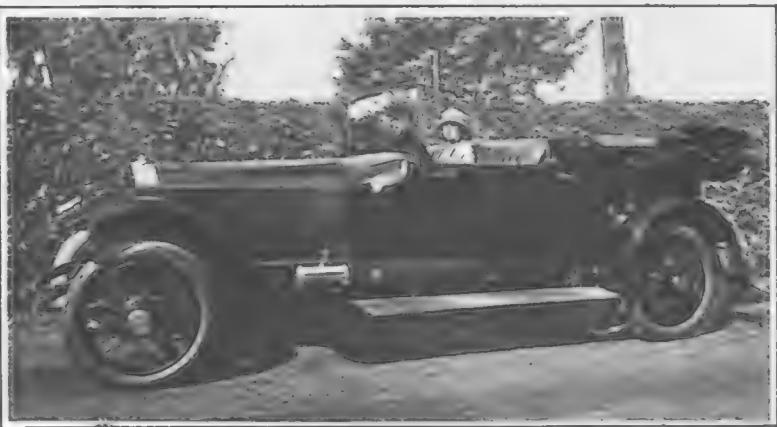
This paper quotes the case of one big haulage man in London, who is only keeping three out of his fleet of thirty-two commercial vehicles because of the horse-power tax, and the fact that for the cost of the tax and insurance upon each he can buy a horse, cart and harness complete; and the same is said to be true in the case of lots of others, especially in the Covent Garden area. And, ye gods and little bureaucrats, talk of progress! Again, from the point of view of the private owner the tale of the trade is the same. When he can afford to buy a new car at all, he will not take delivery till the spring; and thus the whole wheels of industry are clogged, stock accumulated, and money not turned over. There is no second-hand market for anything over 10 h.p.; and a very large percentage of cars are lying licenseless in dry dock, garaged until the spring, instead of being taken out, as of old, upon fine days or at the weekends. And this means a big loss in work, sales, and takings all round all over the

country in garages and shops, to say nothing of tyre and accessory firms. In all, the *Motor Trader* calculates that the Geddesian whip, which Mr. Neal is apparently eager to see turned into a scorpion, has cost the motor industry in this, its supreme hour of crisis, some £5,000,000. What a short-sighted game—even for present-day politicians! Please excuse figures; but it is for once rather a serious subject.

## What of Ireland?

And what of Ireland? In its new, elusive "free state" how is it going to regard us

from the automobile point of view? Already coy hints are being thrown out to tourists with wads of Bradbury-Fishers, and the beauties of the Emerald Isle are being propaganda-ed to such proper geese as we have always shown ourselves in Irish affairs. Even bold suggestions of a big international road race are being battledored and shuttlecocked across St. George's Channel; and it has been arranged between the Irish traders and the Royal Irish Automobile Club to hold a show in Dublin in February 1923. To this, the S.M.M.T., as the international controlling body for Great Britain and Ireland, has consented—more or less *faud de micux*—on condition that no obstacles are raised to the sale of British cars in Ireland. What does that mean precisely? The boycott of British cars or the imposition of an import duty? A new fiscal situation has, of course, arisen; and, if so please the new powers that be, they can set up free trade in autos all round or impose a tariff of their own; and if the latter, possibly give Great Britain preference—or the reverse! Well, well! we shall



THE WIFE OF THE NEPHEW OF THE SULTAN OF EGYPT:  
PRINCESS DJEMALEDDIN MAHMOUD IN HER CAR.

Princess Djemaleddin Mahmoud, the wife of Prince Djemaleddin Mahmoud, nephew of the Sultan of Egypt, is a keen motorist, and is shown in our photograph in her 1921 Rolls-Royce, which she drives herself. The Princess is English, and before her marriage was Mrs. Evelyn Ellis. She is the daughter of Mr. Harcourt Harrington.

direction during the last year; and poor old motordom has felt the backwash upon every side in its very assailable position as an industry so much dependent upon the prosperity of others. Indeed, the pathetic facts properly presented would bring tears to the eyes of any other Walrus-cum-Carpenter combination than retiring Little Eric and adamantine Under-Secretary Neal, who now appears twice nightly at the Barmecidal banquets of automobilism, and in lieu of a soothing sweet serves up as a savoury a red-hot refusal to lift a little finger to alleviate the situation one jot or one tittle.

**Mutt and Jeff in Economics.** Naturally, one could not but realise that things were pretty rotten, but the year's figures from the archives of the B.O.T. suggest that something has got to be done; and if so, 'twere well 'twere done quickly. First, when one takes into consideration the enormously increased size and number of our motor factories and the huge increase of national capital involved, it is a nasty smack in the eye to find production down something like half in 1921. Then take those two inseparables, the Mutt and Jeff of economics, imports and exports; and here the former are down 79 per cent., and the latter over 45 per cent. Of course, it is a consolation, though a sorry one, that it is not the other way round, and a small tribute to the much-reviled import duty upon autos; but in the circumstances of increased factories and inflated capital it is appalling to think that the total number of motor vehicles and chassis of British manufacture exported from this war-logged little island of ours in 1921 was only 3800, compared with 8433 during 1920, and 8829 in 1913. And what about the future? The present system of taxation makes it look worse and worse. Certainly it does not



THE M.F.H. OF THE OAKLEY COMES TO THE MEET IN HIS FORD: CAPTAIN E. F. W. ARKWRIGHT CHATTING TO LADY AND MISS FARRAR.

This photograph was taken at a meet of the Oakley at Chicheley, and shows the Master, Captain E. F. W. Arkwright, in his Ford, having a chat with Lady Farrar. Miss Farrar is standing on the right with a dog in her arms. (Photograph by S. and G.)

see what we shall, when the band begins to play. Meanwhile, speculation were rash and fruitless. I wonder if the new Irish fiscal authorities will discontinue the horse-power tax? If so, Ireland will be one up to start with.



"AND TRULIE IT IS A SOVEREIGN LIQUOR IF IT BE ORDERLIE TAKEN"

—HOLINSHEDS CHRONICLES



HEORICUS wrote a treatise on aqua-vitae (if he had been alive now it would have been a treatise on Haig & Haig aqua-vitae) and said many true things about the advantageous use of alcohol. One of the things that he said was: "Being moderatlie taken it sloweth age." But the gem of his treatise now becomes the heading of this advertisement.

"A little and good" is the other name for Haig & Haig Whisky. If it be "orderlie taken" it will help digestion. It will make you smile at the pussyfooter. It will strengthen your resolve to help the Empire to retain the great place in the world that it has deservedly won.

Scotsmen discovered Whisky. Scotsmen drink Whisky, and Scotsmen are not degenerates.

## Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky



The fact that you must pay a little extra will help you to distinguish our brand from other brands. The reason why is inside the Haig & Haig bottle. Quality must be paid for. If you cannot get supplies ask us to help you.



(Distillers since 1679)

57 SOUTHWARK STREET

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## The CLASSIC CALCOTT

The 11.9 CALCOTT All-Weather Four-Seater will make a strong appeal to those motorists who desire plenty of accommodation for touring purposes under all elements, combined with an engine of sufficient power for every occasion, and one that is economical to run.

Price £650

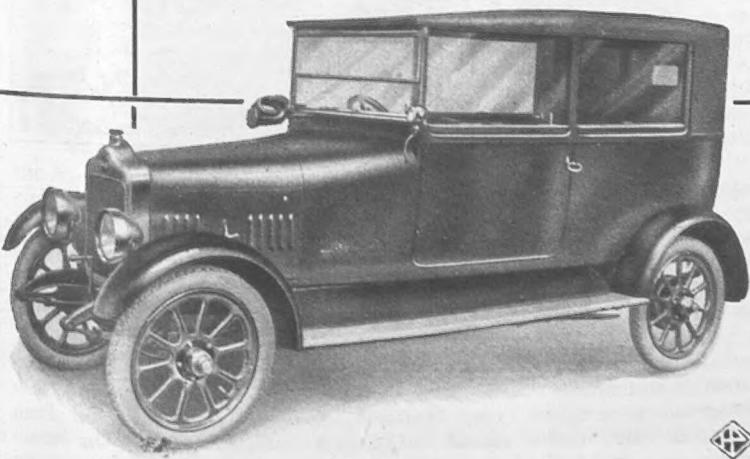
representing the best value in its class.

All CALCOTT CARS are fitted with Dunlop tyres.

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CALCOTT BROS., Ltd., COVENTRY.

Established 1885.



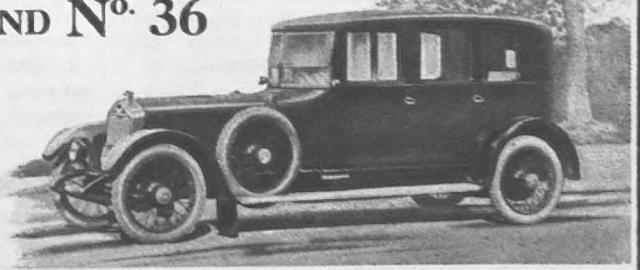
## The Lanchester "Forty"

AMONG Cars of true character the Lanchester "Forty" holds an enviable position. It is the latest in the long line of successful Lanchester Cars and exemplifies the supreme achievement of modern automobile engineering. In appearance there is no more elegant Car in the world, and to drive it and experience its power and wonderful flexibility is to realise to the full the extreme pleasure of Motoring-de-Luxe. Will you make an appointment for a trial run?

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.,  
Armourer Mills, 95, New Bond Street, 88, Deansgate,  
Birmingham. London, W. Manchester.

We are exhibiting a 1922  
Model Lanchester "Forty"  
at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow,  
Jan. 27th to Feb. 4th.

STAND N<sup>o</sup>. 36





**Coming Fashions.** Everyone is anxious to learn the secrets of the new spring fashions, and all advance information is eagerly gleaned and guarded. The long waist line is still much in favour, and produces a very graceful silhouette. The décolleté is comparatively high for day and evening wear. Sleeves have

understand when one examines these exclusive designs brought over from Paris. One is composed of navy-blue gabardine; the skirt appears narrow, but there is plenty of fullness in the flat pleats; and the coat, arranged on jumper lines, fits closely round the hips and is finished with a band of Persian embroidery carried out in soft shades of red and green, with a hint of steel here and there. The sleeve is loose, and cut up over the wrist in a fascinating manner.



*A charming tea-frock of brocaded tinsel ninon, with draped sleeves of georgette. Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's.*

undergone a change, and are not so exaggerated as they were a few weeks ago, but they are still wide, sometimes transparent, and often absent altogether in evening frocks. In the advance guard of Paris gowns that Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., are showing just now there are some enchanting examples of theatre dresses, and coat frocks that one dreams of wearing on the very first bright day—with fur wraps!

**The Coat Frock.** There is no doubt whatever about the coat frock—it is the rage of the moment; which is easy to

**Sleeves of Interest.** Another coat-frock is of dark-blue tricotine arranged over an under-dress of blue-and-white foulard. The soft *négligé* collar is so becoming, and the quaint sleeves are fastened at the wrist with a tiny bow of ribbon, and then hang loose, recalling vague memories of the troubadour. The little straight frock composed of blue serge and military braid is entirely new. The braid is arranged in flat loops round the collar and sleeves, and the necessary touch of colour is given by small scarlet beads, and a belt of larger beads resting on the hips.

**Graceful Tea-Gowns.** The very word "tea-gown" conjures up visions of prettily furnished drawing-rooms with soft shaded lights, or shadowy halls and flickering fires. When our sports and shopping and work are over, there is nothing nicer than to change into one of these charming frocks—and, indeed, catch a little of their fascination. Marshall and Snelgrove, Vere Street and Oxford Street, have some really attractive models, and at such reasonable prices that they come within the reach of even the *nouveaux pauvres*. Imagine a long straight tunic (opening at the sides over black georgette, but with no hint of a waistline) in black ninon brocaded with silver tinsel for 8½ guineas. The sleeves are a great feature, as they are composed of long black strips of georgette veiling the arm, and falling straight from shoulder to hem.

**A Study in Artistic Drapery.**

Another beautiful gown is made of emerald-green satin charmant, but, of course, it can be obtained in almost any other colour. This *chef d'œuvre* is 8½ guineas, and falls straight from a square décolleté, the sleeves being in one with the tunic, which is caught and slightly draped on the hips with buckles of the same material. Tinsel ninon brocade of cherry and silver forms another lovely gown; the back hangs in straight lines, and the front is gathered loosely under a sash; this is obtainable for 12½ guineas. There are many specialties for the older woman, and even out-sizes; and lots of popular tea-frocks in crêpe-de-Chine from 59s. 6d. to 78s. 6d.

**Shell-Pink Satin and Swansdown.**

One is obliged to do without so many things these days, but the matinée coat is one of the accessories that it is impossible to banish. "Carmen" is an irresistible little jacket of shell-pink satin beauté edged with swansdown for 69s. 6d., and there is a boudoir cap to match for 15s. 9d. Tea-frocks and dance-frocks always appeal to the *jeune fille*, and are most fascinating, especially when they can serve both purposes, as is the case with one

charming model in larkspur-blue ninon brocade. This frock, the "Beatrix," has a long corsage of ninon brocade gathered at the



*Shell-pink satin and swansdown combine to make this fascinating matinée and cap. Designed and carried out by Marshall and Snelgrove.*

hips; the skirt is of silk crêpe with a band of brocade at the hem; and the short sleeves of

*[Continued overleaf.]*



*This little tea-frock of larkspur-blue ninon brocade is provided with removable sleeves, and is therefore suitable for day or evening wear. Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's.*



**I**N all kinds of Washable Embroidery, whether all white as in dainty Lingerie, or in decorative coloured work, "ANCHOR" THREADS are best to use. They are silky, smooth and strong; are in every degree of fineness necessary; are ready in all colours; are fadeless; and are procurable at all Drapers and Needle-work shops, with transfers, patterns and leaflets of instruction.

Clark's "ANCHOR" Threads are seven in number

COTON A BRODER

VELVENO

STRANDED COTTON

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FIL D'ECOSSE

FLOSS EMBROIDERY

All made by

**CLARK & CO LTD**

PAISLEY



*Continued.*

crepe are mounted on a little camisole and can be taken out at will.

**Where Saving is Effected.** The moment has come when every wise woman must buy her furs, as they will

be worn even in warm weather; so do not forget that the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, is continuing its sale till the end of February, and everything is reduced 25 per cent. Illustrated catalogues of their genuine bargains will be sent to all who apply for them, and remember that now is the time when repairs and alterations are undertaken at summer prices. For really hard wear in every sort of weather, sable marmot is quite the best and warmest fur, and there are some magnificent coats reduced from 25 to 18 guineas. Finest electric seal coats, with large natural skunk collars, are only 20 guineas. Skunk wraps are always fashionable, and so useful for the spring; there are some lovely ones, 68 in. long and four strands wide, for 15 guineas. There is also a great variety of animal stoles, especially some in blue wolf that can be worn with a tailor-made costume.

**The Art of Beauty.** The culture of beauty is a science, and one of the oldest that exists. In the British Museum one lingers beside those little boxes of paint and powder that the Egyptian women used to enhance their looks, and one realises that they, too, believed that care and a little time devoted to this science is a necessity, and not an extravagance. It is the duty of every woman, young or old, to present a charming face to the world in general; but our emotions, fears, joys and doubts bring us many lines that we cannot hide. Mrs. Pomeroy, 29, Old Bond Street, can help us with her beauty treatments to erase these marks of time. Her expert massage and electric treatments rejuvenate the skin, remodel the contours, and make one feel wonderfully fresh. Her numerous

preparations are so simple to apply that a few minutes' massage each evening with a little Pomeroy skin food will act like magic in removing the invisible grime that clogs the pores of the skin. There is Day Cream, too,

15s. 9d. each, and there are many others from 5s. 11d. Corsets are much reduced in price, and there are some splendid bargains in babies' cots and hampers. Pretty little smocks for children in white crêpe-de-Chine, Japanese silk, or haircord, worked with pink or blue, are irresistible, and can be obtained—*sale price*—from 10s. 6d. An illustrated catalogue will always be sent on application, post free.

**For the Moors.** Spring will soon be here, and at this time of the year—more, perhaps, than at any other—the call of the country is hard to resist. Nothing is more pleasant than a long tramp across the moors, but, unfortunately, our enemy the weather is often aggressive! Now, Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, have a splendidly tailored raincoat for 5½ guineas in which one can brave any storm.

It is made of West of England covert coating, the sleeves are raglan, and, like all their famous coats, it buttons right up to the neck if necessary, and also has a very new storm cuff that buttons back when required. A pull-on hat of suède leather is just the thing to wear with this raincoat, and there is a charming one for 18s. 6d. Macintoshes are as

useful in town as in the country, so no one can afford to forget the feather-weight

silk model that can be folded up in a neat envelope, nor the little hat to match. The latter is most becoming and costs only 14s. 6d.; while



*She fears not the inclemencies of the weather nor the ravages of time, as she numbers among her friends the Pomeroy beauty preparations.*

that vanishes on application, and excellent Pomeroy powder, in natural, rachel, rose, and white nuances, so that you can select the tint most becoming.

**The Lure of the Pearl.** Since time immemorial,

pearls have always been the jewels on which women have set the highest store. Their beauty is unrivalled, and the purity of their form and colour has given us that old phrase, "a pearl of great price." But, alas! they are quite out of the reach of the average woman of to-day. Real pearls are the product of nature, but Sessel pearls, that possess the identical weight and lustre of the natural pearl, are the outcome of much thought and study. They are frankly beautiful, and side by side with the genuine pearls it is impossible to distinguish the difference between them. There are lovely necklaces with real gold clasps, for four guineas, also rings and earrings at the most reasonable prices. Sessel pearls possess such wonderful sheen that it is difficult to believe they are manufactured, and Sessel reconstructed gems have the colour of the real emerald or ruby. An illustrated catalogue is sent on application, and there is a large selection of jewels to choose from at 14, New Bond Street.

**A Note on White Sales.** It is a real delight

to think that we can replenish our diminishing store of lingerie at wonderfully low prices at Dickins and Jones' (Regent Street, W.) annual white sale, which starts on February 6, and lasts for three weeks. There is such a variety of attractive nightdresses, camisoles, and all kinds of underwear that it is most embarrassing to choose between them. Princess petticoats of white Japanese silk, embroidered and hemstitched, are only 14s. 9d. Chemise and knickers of fine French lawn, hand-made and embroidered, finished with lace, cost



*A thoroughly practical raincoat of West of England covert coating, built by Elvery.*



*A lovely rope of Sessel pearls, whose headquarters are 14, New Bond Street, W.*

the macintosh complete is 4 guineas. By the way, Elvery makes wraps for every climate, and cleans and re-proofs all coats and capes,